Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10 ¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

JUNE

A TURNER THE GIRL
IE SHAW MARRIED
See page 20

Now in Thrilling Story Form

THE O'NEILLS

Romantic Adventures of a Family That Might Be Yours

FAMOUS RADIO WIVES SHOW YOU HOW TO MARRY ON $150

It's New!... It's Different!... It's Thrilling!

NOW! A Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo

with Billows of Active Quick-Cleansing Foam!

New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Developed for Those Who Want the Speedy Action of a Foamy Shampoo *and the Unique Benefits of an Oil Shampoo!*

WOMEN everywhere will greet this news with cheers! For here is word of the *new super-foamy* OIL SHAMPOO, created by the makers of famous Mar-O-Oil—the world's largest selling oil shampoo.

You'll be amazed at how quickly Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil bursts into live, light, oily foam—*at how quickly it acts to remove dirt, loose dandruff and waste!* You'll be delighted, too, at how easily and completely it rinses away—leaving your hair sparkling-clean and gloriously smooth.

Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil actually brings the benefits of an oil shampoo—leaves the hair wonderfully soft and easy-to-manage. Yet because of its *foamy action* it is decidedly quicker. And there is no need for vinegar or lemon rinses when you use Super-Foamy type Mar-O-Oil Shampoo.

Get a bottle of this new Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil at your favorite beauty counter *today*. Or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-O-Oil Shampoo. Let your own mirror show you its remarkable results.

NEW **SUPER-FOAMY** *TYPE*

Mar-o-Oil

SHAMPOO

NOTE: *Don't confuse the two types. For dull, dry, "Oil-Starved" hair, use Regular Mar-O-Oil. For a quick-acting shampoo, use Mar-O-Oil Super-Foamy type*

TRY IT TODAY!

ROUGH COPY

• *New Frock Coat of shepherd check, trim little waistline, flaring skirt, huge saddle pockets.*

Her Chic "Frock Coat" invited His Look But Her Smile invaded His Heart!

Your smile is a priceless charm—it's You!
Help guard its loveliness with Ipana and Massage!

YES, a chic and charming costume can catch a man's attention . . . but it takes the spell of a lovely smile to *hold* him.

For interest quickly fades to indifference if a girl lets her smile—her priceless, precious smile—become dull and lifeless . . . if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

What "Pink Tooth Brush" Means

If your tooth brush "shows pink," heed the warning it gives and *see your dentist immediately*. He may find nothing serious. But often he will say that your gums are lazy, that the soft, creamy foods we moderns eat have denied gums the vigorous chewing, the exercise they need for health. He may suggest, as so many other dentists do, "More work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums . . . helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start now with the modern dental routine of Ipana with massage to help make your smile as lovely and attractive as it can be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUNE, 1940

Radio and Television Mirror

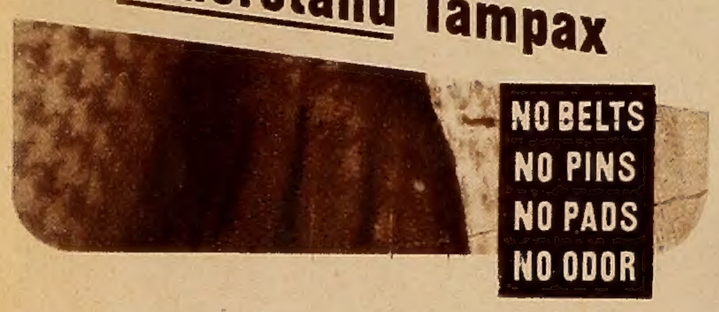
VOL. 14 No. 2

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

IT'S A REAL SURPRISE
when you really understand Tampax



DEAR and gentle reader, how *can* we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something to tell you that over two hundred fifty million have already been sold? Doesn't *that* give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, *you* can do."

The principle of *internal absorption* has been long known to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands *never* touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

Tampax now is made in *three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need. You can travel, dance, golf . . . use tub or shower . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) will save you up to 25% in money.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-60-C
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

Special Features

The O'Neills 8
Beginning the story of a favorite radio family
How To Marry on $150 . . . . . Marian Rhea 12
Have a story-book wedding at a price you can afford
The Indestructible Hedda . . . . . Carolyn Hoyt 15
She refused to let middle age make her call it quits
Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne 16
Hospital walls harbor a story of burning romance
The Girl Artie Shaw Married . . . . . Judy Ashley 20
She's Lana Turner, whom Hollywood is only beginning to know
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller at Home . . . . . Jack Sher 23
A campus romance has become a recipe for happy marriage
After To-Night . . . . . Glenn Miller and Ted Fetter 24
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COVER—Lana Turner, by Sol Wechsler
(Courtesy of M-G-M Pictures)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

YOU TELL US!

I WONDER what would happen—
To those ten minutes in Bob Hope's script if Skinnay Ennis gained seventy-five pounds?

To Eddie Cantor's gags if Ida hadn't given him "five of a kind"?

To Charlie McCarthy's quips if Edgar Bergen had more hair?

If Jack Benny didn't have a 1923 Maxwell?

To Fred Allen's jokes if Jack Benny didn't play "Love In Bloom" on the violin?—Ruth May Knell, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE

WHEN CHILDREN ARE A PROBLEM

I want to pass on a much deserved compliment to radio. It has done so much in helping me solve the problem of my children.

I like my children to have an hour of outdoor play and fresh air after school, but I do not like them to play out until dinner is on the table and then come in perspiring, breathless and dirty. It was impossible to get them in in time to rest before dinner, until we discovered that the hour between five and six p. m. to be, just by a few turns of the dial, booked solid with children's programs. That did the trick, and they are always in the house and rested for dinner now.—Mrs. Mary Anderson, Akron, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE

"LIFE *CAN* BE BEAUTIFUL"

What an inspiration to start the afternoon with! No matter how you feel; if you're in trouble, if the whole world seems to be against you, listen to Life Can Be Beautiful and you'll see the blues fly out and the sun shine in.

Why, take the announcer, Ralph Edwards. He starts by giving a kind thought for the day and ends up by saying, "So Life can be beautiful."

If every one in this world had the

(*Continued on page 5*)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize	$10.00
Second Prize	$ 5.00
Five Prizes of	$ 1.00

Address your letters to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than May 27, 1940. All submissions become the property of this magazine.

Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town

No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more* use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

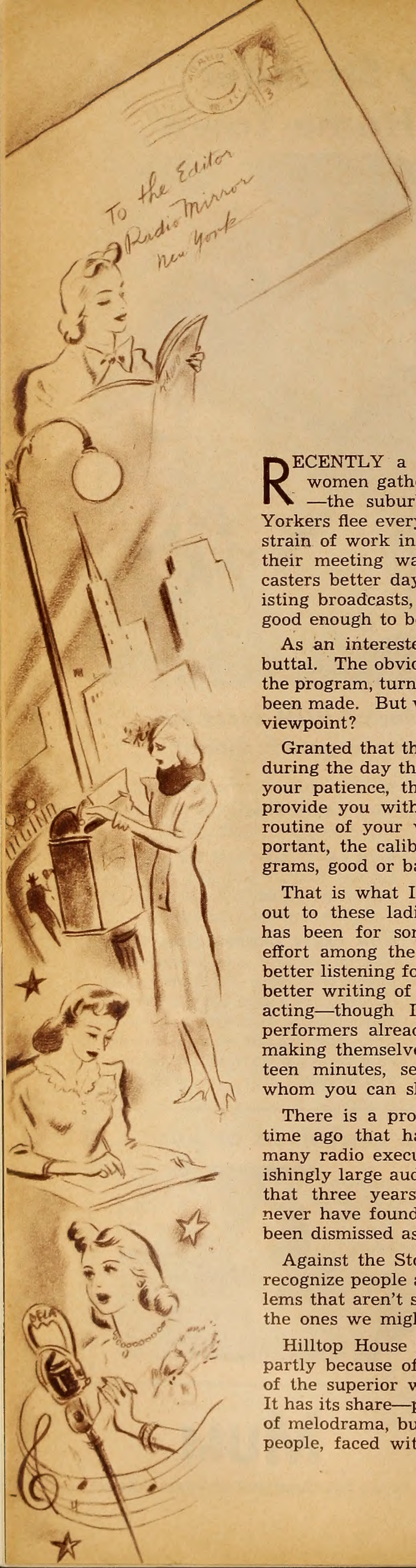
MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe... so gentle... thousands use it this way!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Rebuttal

■ A defense of radio and an answer to critics who perhaps do not know all that is taking place behind the scenes

RECENTLY a group of well intentioned women gathered in Westchester County —the suburb to which so many New Yorkers flee every night from the stress and strain of work in Manhattan. The object of their meeting was to demand from broadcasters better day-time radio programs. Existing broadcasts, they stated, were not even good enough to be worth tuning in.

As an interested bystander, I rise in rebuttal. The obvious retort, "if you don't like the program, turn it off," I'm sure has already been made. But why not a more constructive viewpoint?

Granted that there are programs broadcast during the day that strain your credulity and your patience, there are many more which provide you with pleasant escape from the routine of your work. And still more important, the calibre of almost all these programs, good or bad, is rapidly improving.

That is what I am most anxious to point out to these ladies of Westchester. There has been for some time now, a concerted effort among the heads of radio to provide better listening for the daytime. That means better writing of the scripts and even better acting—though I have long felt that the performers already work minor miracles in making themselves, in the short span of fifteen minutes, seem like real people with whom you can share happiness and joy.

There is a program which began a short time ago that has caught the attention of many radio executives, as well as an astonishingly large audience. Yet I feel quite sure that three years ago this program would never have found a sponsor. It would have been dismissed as "too high toned."

Against the Storm isn't at all, but it does recognize people as human beings with problems that aren't so completely different from the ones we might face.

Hilltop House is another program that—partly because of the acting, partly because of the superior writing, is easily believable. It has its share—perhaps too much at times—of melodrama, but in between there are real people, faced with real drama.

Two other broadcasts come to mind, both written by the same woman: Pepper Young's Family and When a Girl Marries. These show careful work and an understanding, sympathetic author. (Incidentally, the two charming children of this writer, Elaine Sterne Carrington, have begun a department for our junior readers in this issue.)

In other words, perhaps a few years ago there might have been a really crying need for such a reform movement as the women of Westchester are attempting. I guess it never does any real harm to find fault as they have done, even if the justification is arguable. There is still, and I hope always will be, room for improvement. The important thing is that the radio industry realizes it.

How do you feel about it?

Have you become a devotee yet of the Carlton E. Morse adventure thriller, I Love a Mystery? You haven't really lived until you've tried to imitate the announcer's way of trilling off the name of this program. For me, it's happily taken the place of Heigh-Yo Silver and the rest. These broadcasts, with their outlandish adventures, have caught your fancy so much that they are some of the most popular on the air.

On April 4th, the program switched from five times a week for fifteen minutes to once a week for half an hour. It is now heard on the NBC red network at 8:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. I hope I like it as well once every seven days but I'm afraid I won't. There's something about that particular kind of program which requires daily broadcasting to keep my interest keyed up. Presented in its new form, it becomes to me just another half hour program.

I hope I'm wrong and that you like it as well in its new form.

Look for us again next month, won't you? We'll be all dressed up in a cover of Helen Trent, as played by Virginia Clark—all in attractive natural colors, so that every one of you who listens to this program will know exactly how your heroine really looks.

—FRED R. SAMMIS

(*Continued from page 3*)

same good, sound philosophy that Pap Davis has, this world would be paradise. Of course, Chici and Stephen can't be beat. In my estimation they are so true to life and full of young folks' doings that life really can be beautiful for me at all times.

What a prescription for the blues! —Mrs. John Hughes, Lynn, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE

DO YOU HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING?

Have you ever been awakened by music? You feel as though you're dreaming music as you gradually become conscious of it and you gently sense that you are awake.

You've probably never heard this, but my radio is also my alarm clock. My husband bought a timer clock of the automatic type that turns any electric appliance on or off, and attached the radio to it. Now each morning, the radio is turned on by the clock and music wakes me up. It's pleasant. We receive the correct time, the weather reports and news bulletins, all before we start off to work, along with plenty of music.

I urge you all to try out the idea of an alarm-clock-radio and prove to yourselves its value and efficiency.—Mrs. Palma Russo, Fitchburg, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE

DO YOU LIKE MYSTERY?

Do you like to turn on the radio and hear romance, fun, adventure, and mystery? Well that is just what Jack, Doc and Reggie, "The Three Comrades," give you on their program, "I Love A Mystery." I think, barring none, that is the best program on the air.

Three big cheers for "The Comrades" and here is hoping they never leave radio or I shall throw mine away.—Mrs. Harvey Fallin, Baltimore, Md.

SIXTH PRIZE

BOY, IS SHE MAD!

I'd like to take issue with Mrs. Andresen in criticising the Story of Mary Marlin, as I feel she is stepping on many listeners' toes. I have no patience with people who complain of being bored if they don't like a particular sketch, and show the poor taste to damn it in print. After all, I've never heard of a radio program being forced on anyone and it's a very simple matter to turn the dial. Life is too short without going out of our way to hurt some particular star or the sketch. Why not concentrate on bouquets for a change?—Miss Helen Frey, Norwalk, Conn.

SEVENTH PRIZE

LET'S DANCE

Ah . . . 12 P. M. and "America Dances." Let's see . . . Duke Ellington on NBC-Blue; Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians on NBC-Red; Benny Goodman on CBS; and Sammy Kaye on Mutual. I'll try Sammy for a while. Say, that sure is a swell tune. Wonder what it is? Oh, yes, "Once In a Dream," January RADIO MIRROR's Hit Preview. Boy, they sure can pick 'em.—James E. Moore, Albany, New York.

Lady Esther says

"Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"

Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW your old skin is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Why let these tiny flakes menace your loveliness? Why not help your *new skin* bring new youthfulness to you?

You can, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—make you look older! My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and the other impurities. It helps Nature refine your pores—and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin"!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your *face cream.*

But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin . . . that it helps Nature refine your pores . . . and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube *FREE!*

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (56)
LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

WHAT'S NEW

■ On his newly-built Hollywood estate, Edgar Bergen (right) displays his skill in horse-shoe pitching. Above, poor Baby Snooks (Fanny Brice) is going to find it pretty hard to hit that ball with Mike Tresh of the Chicago White Sox catching.

SOMEBODY (we're not saying who, but he might be an orchestra leader whose initials are T. D.) played a very practical joke on Red Skelton during Red's personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York. Red, who has never even tasted beer, was doing a drunk act on the stage, tippling from a bottle supposedly filled with gin. Of course, he always used water instead. But at one performance the liquid turned out to be *real* gin. The act, that time, was terrific.

* * *

Our wedding-bell prediction for Donna Damerel and Peter Fick was strictly correct. Donna boarded an airplane one Friday right after her Myrt and Marge broadcast on CBS, flew to Florida, where Fick was spending the winter, got married, and returned Monday morning in time to play Marge in that day's episode. They kept the wedding a secret for a while, but the news finally got out. The groom holds many championship swimming records. This is Donna's third matrimonial venture.

* * *

To prove that he can be funny without Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen brought a print to New York of a one-reel movie he made when he was in college, and showed it at his cocktail party in the Essex House. It got his point across, all right. In it Bergen played a "Swedish Harry Langdon" and his antics maybe weren't professional, but they were funny.

* * *

Bess Johnson, star of Hilltop House, is having her portrait painted . . . by Janice Gilbert, who plays Jean Adair on the same CBS program.

* * *

Look for a radio adaptation of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel, "White Banners," to hit the air before long. Kate Smith and Ted Collins own the radio rights, and the former sponsors of Hobby Lobby are interested in buying them.

* * *

They're telling a new Fred Allen story around town. In Fred's vaudeville days, it seems, he once was on a bill with a fellow who was not only tough, but fancied himself as an ad-lib comedian. After the show one night the whole troupe went to a restaurant for supper, and the tough guy began to make clever remarks. But Fred topped everything he said with a funnier crack, making his rival fume with anger. Finally Tough Guy roared, "If you say another word, Allen, I'm going to flip this knife right into you." Fred looked at him and drawled, "Better flip your fork, son—you need that knife for eating."

* * *

No wonder Helen Menken, star of the CBS Second Husband serial, was awarded the title of radio's best-dressed woman by the Fashion Academy this spring. Her sister, Grace Menken, runs an exclusive dress shop!

* * *

One person who wasn't made at all happy when Ben Bernie's program moved from Sunday afternoon to Wednesday night on CBS was Lew Lehr. Lew's other job is that of editing Fox Movietone News, and Wednesday is the night when the mid-week reel is assembled, cut, and fitted with a sound track. The program switch means that Lew works at Fox Wednesday afternoon (except the time he spends rehearsing with Ben), grabs a bite of dinner, does the broadcast at 8:00, rushes back to the Movietone studio, works until he has to leave for the rebroadcast at midnight, and finally ends up his day about eight o'clock the following morning.

* * *

NBC's page-boys and guides have turned into the hit of television. Last January they were offered a half-hour of idle air time, just to see what they could do with it, and surprised themselves and everyone else by presenting a variety show that brought in scores of enthusiastic letters. Proud of its home talent, NBC's television department has given the boys the job of producing one variety program a month from now on.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Johnny McAllister is one of the best-known stars on Charlotte's station WBT—and yet not one in a hundred WBT listeners but would look blank if you mentioned his name. They'd brighten up fast enough, though, if you mentioned "Pappy Briarhopper."

Every afternoon except Sunday, WBT airs an hour-long program of hillbilly songs and chatter with, as master of ceremonies, an aged rustic named "Pappy," head of the "Briar-

FROM COAST TO COAST

BY DAN SENSENEY

hopper Family." That's Johnny McAllister, in his mid-thirties and as Irish as they come.

The program, in its fifth sponsored year at WBT and growing in popularity all the time, was entirely Johnny's idea, and so was the character of Pappy, a spry but misguided old gaffer who cuts up, whistles through his teeth, and sings off-key. Behind the scenes, Johnny writes all the sketches, selects the music, and directs each program.

But Johnny McAllister never lived on a farm. He was born in New York City, across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House—that's why he sings so well, he says. Until he came to Charlotte six years ago he'd never done a bit of hillbilly singing.

After Johnny graduated from a New York high school he became a professional basketball player, and for fourteen years toured with teams in New York and New England. As a secondary activity, he sang in church choirs and glee clubs, and eventually gave up basketball for entertaining. He sang on practically all of the smaller New York stations, but seldom under his own name. William Schudt, a CBS official, heard him and put him on one of Freddie Rich's CBS programs. Then Schudt was transferred to become manager of WBT, and took Johnny along as his assistant, musical director, and general behind-the-scenes handy-man.

■ Johnny McAllister is famous for his character of "Pappy Briarhopper" over station WBT.

Johnny was married in 1934, and he and Mrs. Johnny have a little girl, Dorothea Maria, born last year.

* * *

Uncle Jim McWilliams of the CBS Ask-It-Basket program played Cupid the other night. A girl named Paula Sullivan met a boy called Vincent Moriarty for the first time at one of Jim's broadcasts—and two weeks later Paula became Mrs. Moriarty.

* * *

You'll be seeing Marilyn Hare, young daughter of the late Ernie Hare, in the movies before long—and that's another step in a heart-warming success story. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare (if you are a veteran listener you remember them with real pleasure) were broadcasting over a New York station when Ernie died. Marilyn, true to the "show must go on" tradition, stepped into her father's place in the act and made a surprising success. That was a year ago, and recently a Republic Pictures talent scout gave her a contract with his studio.

* * *

TULSA, OKLAHOMA—If a Saturday-night Hillbilly program could be tremendously popular in places like Chicago, Cincinnati and Nashville, reasoned "Cousin" Herald Goodman, why not in Oklahoma? The answer, of course, was that it could—and is. Every Saturday evening thousands of listeners around Tulsa tune in KVOO's Saddle Mountain Roundup and thousands more pile into the huge Convention Hall to watch. And they pay to get in, too.

"Cousin" Herald, who got the idea and went to KVOO with it, is a radio and stage veteran. He used to be the first third of the Vagabonds Trio, Herald, Dean and Curt, and he's written many a popular hillbilly ballad, such as "Lamp Lighting Time in the Valley," and "Little Mother of the Hills."

(*Continued on page 70*)

"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A TOOTH POWDER BARGAIN?"

"LOOK AT THIS VALUE FOR A DIME!"

ACTUAL SIZES

25¢ SIZE
The "Jumbo" family size . . . a "Jumbo" bargain-value.

10¢ SIZE
A tremendous dime's worth. Compare it with others.

"MINE'S A MONEY-SAVING SMILE"

YOU can pay more for dentifrices but you simply can't beat the harmless, refreshing way Pebeco Tooth Powder cleans your teeth. It leaves them gleaming, sparkling bright. And those big over-size tins save you money. They're the kind of tooth powder bargains you want today.

Copyright 1940 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

MOST FOR YOUR MONEY of all well-known brands

BEGINNING *The O'Neills*

Listen to the dramatic adventures of The O'Neills over the NBC-Red network, twice a day, Monday through Friday, and sponsored by the makers of Ivory Soap.

■

Photos posed especially by The O'Neills: Claire Neissen as Peggy, Chester Stratton as Monte, Kate McComb as Mother O'Neill, Jimmy Tansey as Danny.

■ Presenting, for the first time as an enthralling story, the dramatic adventures of a beloved radio family—and a mother whose love was her only weapon against the catastrophes that threatened her two children

■ "Now remember, the one who gets the ring in his piece of cake is the next to be married."

WHOM God hath joined together, let no man put asunder . . ."

As the words were pronounced, Mother O'Neill slipped quietly out of the church. Quickly, she dabbed at her eyes with her best handkerchief. Silly, to start crying at your only daughter's wedding. It wasn't a sad occasion at all, for Peggy O'Neill was marrying a fine young man, and a brilliant lawyer, too.

But then, they weren't really tears of sadness. Tears of regret, perhaps, at the knowledge that the O'Neill house would no longer echo daily to Peggy's light step and ready laughter. But also tears of happiness that Peggy's life was now set in the good path of wifehood—of motherhood—the woman's way that Mrs. O'Neill herself had found so satisfying. In spite of the hardships, in spite of the fact that her Patrick, the man she loved, had been taken from her when Peggy and Danny were so small.

It had not been easy, bringing them up without a father's care and guidance. But, in spite of everything, she had made the three of them into a family, with a family's love and loyalty for each other. With a real family bond that had protected them from the dangers that beset the lonely—that would protect them still, even though, from today on, they would not all be in one house.

Mother O'Neill turned the key in the door of that house. It was small, yes. Shabby, some might call it. But the O'Neills had never minded the stuffing coming out of the sofa, the much-turned rugs, or the varnish scraped off the chairs these many years by the impetuous, eager feet of a small Peggy or Danny O'Neill.

For this was a house warmed by a glow no stylish furniture could give it—a house strengthened and nourished by mutual love, understanding, and thoughtfulness. It was the house in which she would now prepare, with her own hands, Peggy's wedding breakfast.

"And I'd best be letting my dreaming go and get to work," said Mother O'Neill, aloud, as she went

Posed by Jimmy Tansey as Danny O'Neill and Arline Blackburn as Eileen Turner

■ Eileen pleaded, "Can't we slip away right now, just the two of us?" Danny frowned. She hadn't understood at all!

into the neat kitchen to put on the tea kettle. "For they'll soon be here, and I want Peggy's wedding breakfast to be an occasion we'll always remember."

Humming to herself, she set the table with the one good cloth. The wedding cake, white-tiered and beautiful as a hilltop covered with the first snow of the season, stood in the center.

No need to have hurried so. Joy had lent speed to her hands; she had everything ready in record time. Now she had but to wait until the wedding party returned from the church—the youngsters bursting in first—Eddie and Janice Collins, motherless children of one of Danny's co-workers on the Oakdale Bridge, orphans cared for by Mother O'Neill. Today they were wild with the excitement of seeing their first real wedding.

THEN kindly Morris Levy who had closed up his hardware store across the street in honor of the occasion. And scatter-brained, lovable old Trudie Bailey, who worked for Morris and who never failed to create laughter with her twisting of the English language.

"It's a west wind that don't blow nobody any good," she had said just this morning. They had all laughed, but now, sitting by the parlor window, watching for their return, Mother O'Neill thought how much truth often lay hidden in Trudie's rash expressions.

It had seemed an ill wind indeed when Danny—reckless, impetuous, fun-loving as his father had been before him when he won the heart of Margaret O'Neill—had fallen in with boys whose recklessness did not have Danny's generous nature to excuse it. Their kind of deliberate recklessness had ended the boy up in a court of law. An ill wind for the O'Neills.

But the rest of Trudie's twisted axiom was also true. For, in that law court, into the midst of their trouble and grief, had stepped a young lawyer, Monte Kayden, who offered both sympathy and aid. He had cleared Danny of the false charges against him—and had fallen in love with Peggy while he was doing it.

So life, in its strange way, had transformed that bitter time into this joyous day. Danny's trouble had really brought his sister and her new husband together.

But Danny's besetting sin was still restlessness, which, aided by a quick and violent temper, got him into more than his share of trouble. There was no good reason, for instance, why Danny should have made an enemy of that man Wilkinson. Granted that Wilkinson had tried to steal Danny's patent for the riveting machine he and Morris had invented. Granted, too, that Wilkinson made no secret of the fact that he was in love with Eileen Turner, Danny's own sweetheart.

But Danny had, in the end, saved his patent, and won Eileen for himself. And so, partly at least because Wilkinson was secretary to Matt Turner, Eileen's father and Danny's boss, couldn't all the trouble have been cleared up in some more sensible way?

Instead, Danny must fight it out with Wilkinson, must have him driven from his job and his home with the Turners, must make of him a bitter enemy.

That was Danny's way and Mother O'Neill hoped that he would not suffer too much, but that life would shape and tame him into the reasonable, steady, responsible man she and Patrick had dreamed their son would one day be.

And Peggy? Gentle, brown-eyed Peggy with the curls and the dimples that showed into the smile so like her mother's, Peggy was already a woman, wiser, more discreet—as women need to be—than her headstrong young brother. God grant that she overcome her bad trait of jealousy—jealousy that could wreck characters and lives—and marriages.

With a slight shudder, though the sun streamed through the parlor window on this June day, Mother O'Neill remembered the trying months with the beautiful Countess Von Vedari. So jealous had Peggy been of this client of Monte's—of his simple business relations with her—that the engagement had nearly been broken before the woman left town.

Peggy must learn to trust her handsome young husband completely—must know that it was she

Now that Peggy was safely married, Mother O'Neill prayed, perhaps Danny would become

whom Monte loved, must not let other women like the Countess become a source of suspicion, of distrust in their union.

The wedding party was coming now—just rounding the corner. And, at the sight of them all, Mother O'Neill's serious speculations vanished. Peggy so beautiful in the flowing veil, looking up into Monte's face, smiling . . . Danny, with Eileen clinging to his arm . . . Trudie and Morris already in some elaborate, noisy argument . . . and the children, scampering up the front steps, in everybody's way, to get into the house first.

She hurried to open the door.

"Mother! Here we are!"

"Peggy, darling!"

"Mrs. Monte Kayden to you now, Mom!"

"Great Kewzitionery! I was just telling Morris here . . ."

"Now, Trudie, it's Peggy's wedding day!"

"Look at the wedding cake! Look at the wedding cake!"

Everybody talking at once . . . everybody crowding round the table, exclaiming, admiring. Until finally Mother O'Neill had to clap her hands sharply, like a school teacher.

"Children! Children! We sound like a circus. Let Peggy cut her cake now. I've put in all the usual prizes—and remember, the one that gets the wedding ring in his piece, is the next one to be married!"

Suddenly serious, Peggy picked up the knife. She turned to her husband and smiled, then began to cut the cake.

They all took their places at the table, waiting to be served.

"First piece . . . to my Mother," Peggy began . . . "then you, Eileen, and mind you dream on it tonight . . . Trudie, Janice . . . that's all the ladies. Now . . . Morris . . . my little brother Danny . . . and the biggest piece . . . to my husband!"

Everybody began to eat, searching for his prize.

"Hey, I got the penny in my piece. That means I'll be rich!" shouted little Eddie Collins, excitedly. And all turned to share the child's pleasure with his penny.

"Well," said Monte finally, "even if I don't get a prize, the cake's good enough without it, Mother O'Neill. When my wife can bake a cake like that, wild horses won't keep me away from home!"

"Why, Monte Kayden, such talk! Of course I can bake a cake like that. Ask my brother Danny. Danny—why, where *is* he?"

Danny had disappeared from his place at the foot of the table. Eileen, too.

"Great Kewzitionery!" said Trudie Bailey, "how can people just disappear from a wedding breakfast like a camel through a needle's eye? I guess we were paying too much attention to Eddie's penny!"

Just then, Danny O'Neill appeared in the doorway with his arm around Eileen.

"I got the wedding ring in my piece of cake," he said, "so I just had to propose then and there to Eileen. Now she's got a ring, too" —he held out Eileen's left hand with the tiny, gleaming diamond— "and she's just promised to marry me!"

"Oh, Eileen," cried Peggy delightedly.

"Isn't it exciting, Peggy!" Eileen carolled. "I want a wedding just like yours, with a white veil and flowers and a ringbearer like Eddie. And, Mrs. O'Neill, will you bake the wedding cake—just like Peggy's?"

"Certainly, Eileen," said Mother O'Neill quietly, moving forward to take the hand of the girl her son had chosen, trying not to show her sudden doubt. Somehow, from Eileen's words and manner, she wondered if it was just the wedding show, the excitement of the hour, that Eileen was in love with —and not Danny O'Neill.

Danny had no such doubts.

"Sorry to butt in on your party, Monte," he said, laughingly. "But you know Danny O'Neill. Couldn't wait another minute!"

Peggy and Monte smiled, arms around each other.

"We can only hope you'll be as happy as we're going to be," Monte said.

"We will be, I promise you that," said Danny. "I'll work twice as hard as possible so that we can soon have a home like yours, Monte —and another happy scene like this—another wedding at the O'Neills."

MOTHER O'NEILL'S fears were not without justification. For Eileen Turner, a girl of delicate, patrician beauty, from her shining golden brown hair to her slender, perfectly molded little feet, had never known hardship. Matt Turner was the town's most prosperous contractor and Matt Turner's daughter had all her life known nothing but tender care.

It had not always been like that. Once the Turners and the O'Neills had struggled along together. But Matt had made money, and since Eileen was born, an only child, she had had everything she wanted—clothes, servants, her own roadster. A restless girl who often rebelled at living in such a small town, who dreamed of the city, of gaiety and bright lights—sometimes even of the bright lights of theater marquees where the name *Eileen Turner,* she thought, might look rather well. But of the hard work that goes with any achievement, Eileen knew nothing.

So, in the weeks that followed Peggy's wedding and her own engagement, Eileen found it difficult to understand Danny's increasing activity at the Oakdale Bridge. It was an activity that meant long hours of hard work. As foreman of the job, he carried much of the responsibility.

She was proud of him, yes—proud that (*Continued on page* 57)

the real head of the family and replace his reckless adventures with a new maturity

Wedding Cake ..
a plain silver cake, with professional decorations, Irene Rich points out to Helen Wood, will cost you the small sum of . . . $2

Bridal Bouquet..
Hollywood florist Kenneth McEldowny shows Irene a spray of sweet peas with a detachable center corsage of gardenias, for $5.

How to Marry

Bridal Negligee . . .
Helen wears a complete outfit, of nightie, robe and slippers, which cost her only . . . $12.90

IN ANY woman's life there is a day that comes only once, with a thrill never to be repeated—the day she stands as a bride and promises to "love, honor and obey."

For that day of days, there should be all the lovely, traditional trimmings, the wedding gown, a veil, bridesmaids, laughter, new clothes, a reception and—a honeymoon.

Can't afford it?

But you can!

This ideal wedding needn't eat up all your savings nor embarrass you with dreary debts that you'll have to pay off when the honeymoon is over. It's now possible for you to have your wedding cake and eat it too, in a manner of speaking. Four famous radio wives show you exactly how it can be done.

You can have a wedding, a wedding gown and veil, a traveling suit, a reception for thirty-five of your friends, announcements, flowers, a beautiful wedding ring. And all for only $150 or less! (Of course, you'll have to find the groom yourself.)

In the pictures accompanying this story, Helen Wood, beautiful young NBC actress, and Ben Gage, NBC announcer and singer, are impersonating you and your bridegroom as you go about arranging your

(*Please turn to next page*)

By MARIAN RHEA

Traveling Outfit . . .
this three-piece suit of rose wool, hat, scarf, blouse, gloves, bag, hose and shoes . . . $53.20

It's really possible to have a story-book wedding, with all the romantic trimmings, at a price you can afford! Four famous radio wives show you—

on $150

Photos taken especially for Radio Mirror by NBC, Hollywood

Dual Purpose Wedding Gown..

of white chiffon, with a lastex jacket, it makes a perfect evening dress for later use. The bridal veil is short, with a halo cap; the white satin slippers can be dyed another color later, to brighten up the costume for dancing. And the entire effective outfit costs . . . $26.40.

Honeymoon.. Mary Livingstone advises a motor trip as being cheapest and the most fun.

Wedding Ring . . . Ben Gage consults Durward Howes and selects one of white gold . . . $30.

Honeymoon Wardrobe a play suit, with detachable skirt, and sandals . . . $10.90.

budget wedding, so you can see as well as read all that you'll purchase with the $150. Naturally, both Helen and Ben are just pretending, for the purpose of the story. They're good friends, but each has a true love elsewhere.

First and most important to any woman, is the matter of clothes . . . so we went for advice to Mrs. Jimmie Fidler. There's not a better expert in Hollywood than she, who in conjunction with Gladys Parker, famous designer, owns one of the town's smartest dress shops. Though a bride on a budget could scarcely afford in her trousseau any of their exclusive models, Mrs. Fidler's advice was so simple and so sound, it can be followed on any budget.

"For your wedding gown, choose one which can be used throughout the summer for a formal. In that way, even with this most important item, you have killed two birds with one stone. But be sure to have a veil. A June bride isn't complete without one."

Next, Mrs. Fidler suggested the all-important item of a going-away outfit. "I should choose one of those smart new ensembles including both suit and topcoat, which means you have the skirt to wear with sweaters, and for more 'dressy' occasions, a dainty blouse; a suit for travel and street wear (with a gay scarf to brighten the neckline); and a top coat to wear with this and also with any incidental frocks you may take along."

A negligee, nightgown and mules completed Mrs. Fidler's list of honeymoon wardrobe musts. The rest, she suggested, depends on where the honeymoon is to be spent. If it is at a resort, a playsuit or slack suit is, she said, necessary, also, perhaps, one of those new "terrace frocks" of printed cotton. But even with these, she insisted, a budget *can* be kept surprisingly low!

Armed with this expert advice, Helen set out upon her imaginary trousseau shopping tour, going to the Broadway Hollywood, stationed at Hollywood's "crossroads of the world," Hollywood and Vine Streets.

This is what she selected:

A sleeveless white chiffon formal with attached slip, perfect for dancing on a summer evening, and including a lastex shirred jacket with quaint round collar, which made it into a "perfectly darling" bridal gown. Price, $14.95! To go with this, she chose a short bridal veil with halo cap, $7.50; white satin sandals (which could be dyed later to brighten up the costume for dancing), $2.95; hose, $1.00—bringing the total for the outfit up to $26.40.

So much for the wedding costume. For a going-away outfit, Helen selected:

A three-piece dusty rose monotone wool ensemble for $29.95; a navy blue sailor hat of shiny rustic straw trimmed with a band of a new shade of blue called "shocking" blue, $5.85; a vari-colored scarf in rose and blue, $1.00; a dainty lingerie blouse (to be worn when she desired to leave off the jacket), $2.95; navy blue alligator pumps, $5.50; a navy blue real leather bag, $5.00; white doe-skin gloves (washable) $1.95; hose, $1.00—the entire outfit costing $53.20.

In her search for negligee and nightie, Helen was tempted by those lovely, dainty chiffon ensembles which shops are showing this year, but always mindful of practicability, she finally chose a negligee of London blue satin, with Alencon lace trimmed reveres, $6.95; a dainty white satin nightie adorned with pink and blue floral design, $3.95; and London blue satin mules, $2.00—costing $12.90 *en toto*.

This was all that Mrs. Fidler suggested as basically necessary for a wedding and for a honeymoon of, say, a week. After all, she suggested, it is no fun to have a lot of packing and unpacking to do, and the fewer clothes you have along to take care of, the more time you'll have to enjoy yourself. However, during her "shopping tour," Helen did select two other inexpensive items which should fit in well with a honeymoon at any kind of a resort—a nifty little red, white and blue play suit for $7.95 and a pair of tri-colored cork soled sandals, or "wedges" as they are popularly called, $2.95—the whole outfit costing $10.90.

HELEN also looked longingly at a bright red and white tapa print (washable) terrace frock with matletex top and extremely full, ankle-length skirt shirred at the waist like her play skirt, $10.95. This, she pointed out, would be wonderful for tea dancing and dancing after dinner, too, at any vacation resort and equally ideal as a house coat after she returned from her honeymoon. With this, she suggested, you could always buy a pair of high-heeled fabric sandals, or perhaps patent leather, for about $2.95, making the whole outfit cost $13.90.

So much for the clothes item. As you can verify if you get out your pencil and paper, the bridal costume, the going-away outfit and

(*Continued on page* 83)

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE *Hedda*

■ The inspiring story of a courageous woman who, because she refused to call it quits at forty, opened the door to an exciting new life

By CAROLYN HOYT

STORIES of fabulous courage are mostly fiction; when you come upon one that's true you clutch it with both hands and get it on paper before somebody proves Kathleen Norris ran it up one evening when she was sixteen and hadn't anything better to do.

Here's the story I found in Hollywood not long ago, and I know it's true; it's about a tall, good looking woman somewhat past forty who now, unbelievably, is at the peak of her triumph. She could make most of the super-important people of that Southern California town grovel at her word, if she wanted to. She doesn't. She just gets up at dawn every morning, makes an appointment with her grown-up son for dinner or lunch or a brief quiet hour of talk, and sets out on the breath-taking pattern of her day—with that courage we spoke about tucked conveniently away in a pocket somewhere.

They tried to stop that woman. All of them. That's how much they knew her, or her invincible spirit. They thought that middle age would fight half their battle for them, because she must be very tired after the life she'd led; and they thought a suggestion, fraught with meaning, dropped once or twice would do the trick if the passing years didn't; and they thought, in a word, that pretty soon now they would have seen the last of Hedda Hopper.

Well, in these times every day brings more big city newspapers clamoring (*Continued on page* 67)

Universal Pictures

■ Her job keeps her on the go from early dawn till late at night, but Hedda Hopper, star of her own CBS show, sponsored by Sunkist Fruit, is happiest when she's with her adored son, Bill.

Joyce Jordan GIRL INTERNE

■ Cold hospital walls harbor an intense and thrilling romance—read the story of radio's girl doctor, complete in this issue

BUT it's only because I want so much for you to be happy, my child, that I say you should think. This young man—oh, he is very brilliant, very clever, but is he not also very strange? I think—" and Dr. Hans Simons' mild blue eyes, enlarged by the thick lenses of his spectacles, twinkled—"I think maybe your Mr. Paul Sherwood has high blood pressure of the temperament."

Joyce Jordan laughed. That was the marvelous thing about the Medical Director of Heights Hospital: even when he was disapproving, even when he was lecturing you, he could soften his words with a little joke.

"That's exactly what he has got, Dr. Simon. But—well, I can't tell you *why* I love him, I only know that I do. I fell in love with him the first day he came to the hospital."

"You're sure that wasn't just loneliness?"

Joyce's momentary flush showed that she understood his meaning. In fact, she had thought herself, at first, that the only reason for her interest in Paul Sherwood was her recently-broken engagement to Neil Reynolds. She knew better now. It hadn't, after all, been as great a wrench as she had thought to choose between Neil and her work.

Sitting there across the desk from Dr. Simon, she looked absurdly young to be wearing the proud title of "Doctor." Dark, lustrous hair, unconfined by any cap, made a startling contrast to her blue eyes. Her skin was as clean and fresh as her starched white uniform, but it looked as if it would be much pleasanter to the touch. As far as appearances went, she might have been a little girl playing at dressing up in a doctor's uniform. But Hans Simon knew better.

A year ago, only he had believed in the earnestness of this slight, lovely girl. Somehow, it was hard for the average hospital trustee to credit the sincerity of a woman who wanted to be a doctor. But now, after twelve months of her interneship, the whole staff knew that Joyce Jordan neither asked nor expected concessions because of her sex; that the inner flame, the desire to heal, burned as brightly in her as it did in any man. Only a few months ago she had proved that, by breaking her engagement to handsome, wealthy Neil Reynolds, rather than consent to give up her career when she married him.

■ "No," he said. "Ann's right. Don't go in there. It's my job to tell you."

Listen to Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, Monday through Friday at 2:15 P. M., E.D.S.T., over CBS, sponsored by La France, Satina and Minute Tapioca. Photo posed by Ann Shepherd and Myron McCormick as Joyce and Paul.

But now—now, he very greatly feared, she was determined to marry a man who, in his own peculiar way, might be as great a handicap to her future as Reynolds would have been.

Paul Sherwood. He remembered the boy from the ten days he had spent in the hospital, undergoing treatment for the recurrence of a tropical fever he had contracted in Abyssinia. Blond, stocky, with something eternally boyish in his face—but also, belying that boyishness, with a disillusionment so profound that it frightened you. He was thirty-one, a foreign correspondent for a big newspaper. For seven years he had been all over the world, had learned how it worked, and found it bad. In his own words—

"I've watched gangsters in palaces selling out their own people for money. I've stood around helpless while bombs dropped out of the sky like apples off a tree—but not as harmless! I've found out that famous men get that way over a road of broken promises. And I made up my mind some time ago that the whole world was so dirty rotten that nothing could save it but another deluge!"

Wild, irresponsible talk. You couldn't dismiss things as flatly as all that, and Dr. Simon had little patience with people who tried to. It argued a cynicism that sooner or later would bring unhappiness

in its train, and he didn't want Joyce to be in a position where she could be touched by that unhappiness.

Joyce was going on: "Of course Paul doesn't want me to give up my work here in the hospital. We're going to work together, Dr. Simon—we'll have an apartment near here, and while I'm on duty Paul will be writing his book."

THAT was another thing Simon didn't much like. This book. Maybe Paul Sherwood could write a book, and maybe he couldn't. He was a supremely successful newspaper correspondent, but now he'd given all that up. Joyce said he had made up his mind never to look at another newspaper, let alone work on one. All very well, if he could transfer his abilities to another medium, but so far he hadn't been remarkably successful. His excuse now, as Simon understood it, was that his love for Joyce, his need for her, wouldn't let him work on his book, and that was why he wanted her to marry him as soon as possible, instead of waiting, as they had planned at first, until Joyce had completed her interneship.

Joyce saw all Dr. Simon's doubts passing like shadows behind the clear blue of his gaze, and in spite of herself she admitted their validity. If you didn't know Paul well—if you didn't love him, particularly!—it was so easy to judge him harshly. For instance, she had never dared to tell even Simon the whole story of Kay Reed.

If she had known, of course, she would never have allowed Kay in Paul's hospital room. But he was not too ill to receive visitors, and when the telephone rang, one morning when she was in his room, she had told the girl at the reception desk to send Miss Reed up. Paul heard the name, and moaned.

"Good Lord! Not Kay Reed! If I ever catch the guy that told her I was here I'll *choke* him—I didn't even want her to know I was in town! Please, Joyce, don't leave me alone with her!"

Joyce's amusement reflected itself in her face, and he smiled a little sheepishly. "Sounds foolish, I know. But she's just a crazy little kid who thinks she's in love with me. I'm sorry for her, but—well, she *is* crazy."

The next moment the door burst open and a girl with ash-blonde hair, extravagantly dressed in a purple suit, purple hat, and red fox jacket, ran in. It was really terrible, Joyce reflected, remembering. Kay Reed was all Paul had predicted—pathetically crazy. Afterwards, Paul told her something about the girl.

"She's always been a strange, neurotic kid. Wants to be a newspaper woman the way most girls want to be actresses, and hasn't a scrap of talent. Not a scrap. A year ago she managed to get a job on my paper—had an uncle that was a stockholder, or something. It was when I was between assignments, so I was around the office a lot. Everyone kidded her, because she was so eager and so incompetent. She was the office clown. I got to feeling sorry for her, and so I used to talk to her sometimes. And because I was the only one who had a kind word for her, she got the notion she was in love with me."

Pitiful? Yes, but degrading too. Joyce's cheeks burned now, three months later, at the remembrance of the scene in that hospital room. Kay throwing herself at Paul, heedless of Joyce's presence, talking of her love in that voice which was so husky and at the same time, somehow, so shrill. Paul, first ironic, then as Kay rasped his nerves more and more, becoming blunt, brutal, telling her at last to go away and stop bothering him. Kay cried, and that only irritated Paul more, until at last she lost control of herself completely. She screamed, struck her forehead savagely with both clenched hands, pushing them up against the skin, hard, so that her tear-ravaged face was distorted into a tragic mask, and her absurd hat was knocked askew, to hang precariously on the side of her head.

Finally Joyce managed to get her, still sobbing, out of the room, and turned her over to one of the nurses with instructions to administer a sedative and force the girl to rest until she was calm enough to leave the hospital.

BUT later in the morning, while Joyce was in the midst of her rounds, a junior nurse came to tell her that Kay Reed, leaving the hospital, had been run down by a truck and killed.

Joyce had never told Dr. Simon why Kay Reed had been so upset she did not see the oncoming truck. She never would tell him, nor would she tell of the conversation she had with Paul when he learned of the girl's death.

He had blamed himself—bitterly, abjectly. "Everyone I touch, I harm," he said: "There's something in me that is deadly. This isn't the first time, Joyce. I've seen it happen before. Oh, I don't mean I've ever succeeded in killing anyone before—but I've done things just as bad, without thinking, without wanting to. Everyone I've ever loved—everyone that's ever loved me—I've hurt them—"

And then he had warned her against himself, telling her that he loved her and wanted to marry her, but that for her own sake she must not listen to him.

"Don't fall in love with me!" he had exclaimed. "You're too fine, too wonderful to let me drag you down, torture you, break your heart. . . ."

"Paul! You mustn't say such things!"

"Don't worry," he assured her. "I won't say them again. It takes too much bravery—bravery I haven't got. I wouldn't be saying them now if Kay's death hadn't shocked me into being truthful for a change—"

"Truthful!" she said with a wry smile. "You're always truthful, Paul—but you see only one side of the truth. (*Continued on page* 77)

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

JOAN BLAINE

■ Presenting, in answer to many requests, radio's charming Valiant Lady, heard Monday to Friday at 2:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Red Network.

THE Girl

■ It wasn't the passionate red of her hair or the tantalizing blue of her eyes that he saw in that split second of falling in love with Lana Turner

By JUDY ASHLEY

M-G-M Photo

■ They called her "The Nightclub Baby," but they didn't know the real Lana—a lonely, unhappy girl. Only Artie was able to see beneath the surface.

THE bride's hair is copper and gold, her eyes a technicolor achievement, her lips a warm promise. She loves to dance—it would be a crime if she didn't take advantage of those lovely legs—and once she dreamed of a church wedding with yards of tulle and a score of flower girls.

She is gay, charming, and not long ago, queen of the night club cuties who would one day marry in splendor, after weeks of careful preparation and publicity.

The groom has intense black eyes and midnight black hair and freckles, large ones, across the bridge of his nose. He has also, behind him, two divorces and a recent flight into obscurity in which he left behind contracts worth a quarter of a million dollars.

Which, in a way, sums up the amazing marriage of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw. By rights, it is a story that belongs in a book or on the screen. In real life, people seldom find love and marriage in an instant.

It surprised no one that unpredictable, inexplicable Artie Shaw should suddenly stop his car on a warm midnight in the desert and propose to a girl who had thought she hated him.

But it did shock everyone who thought he knew Lana Turner that she was the girl proposed to and that she had accepted. For everyone had a preconceived idea about Lana and it didn't allow for such an elopement.

Not that life hasn't always been a spur-of-the-mo-

Artie Shaw Married

ment thing with Lana. Her fair round face framed in luxuriant hair constantly brought quick second glances from males of every age. I remember a day a certain lad came home from Hollywood High School with a tale of a new beauty who had just enrolled in his classes.

"Julia Turner is her name," we remember him saying. "She comes from San Francisco, and you should see the fellows hang around, all ga ga. And me with them."

So you see, I had a bit of first-hand information concerning the young lady before I met her, About a year later, after Lana had experienced another of those lightning-quick events in her life, I met her, at Warners Studio. She'd become Lana Turner by then, instead of Julia, having been discovered by a friend of director Mervyn LeRoy's, and had already created a good man-sized stir as the "sweater girl" in "They Won't Forget."

I got my first insight into blue-eyed Lana that day. "I nearly died when I saw myself on the screen in that sweater," she confided. "I went home and cried myself sick. I had no idea; I just couldn't believe they would do it to me."

If you remember the form-revealing sweater she wore in that picture, you'll understand the reason for Lana's distress.

You saw her occasionally in the commissary and at local night spots. There was a wistfulness about her, in those days, even when her laugh seemed gayest. Sometimes her eyes were clouded as she danced with dark handsome Greg Bautzer, the local attorney who was her constant escort, at the Brown Derby or the Troc. She seemed always to be hanging onto his every word. It was easy to see who dominated in that pair.

Bautzer and Lana were said to be engaged to be married and I'm sure Lana hoped their romance would end in marriage. But they quarreled bitterly and constantly. Bautzer insisted, so friends told me, that Lana give up her career when they married; that career so new and bright and shiny, racing forward with all the speed of a meteor. For Lana was catching on with the fans. Her work in "The Glamour Girls" and "Dancing Co-Ed" had sent her stock sky-high.

"Give it up," Bautzer argued. But—and here's the But that married Lana to Artie Shaw—he offered no soul-satisfying compensation for the sacrifice.

"As a housewife I couldn't fry butter," Lana said. "What could I do?"

"Well, I simply won't be married to a woman who

■ "For the first time I'm able to enjoy the wonderful things in books and music I've longed for," says Lana.

makes more money than I do," Greg told her, and so it went on.

Lana went on her way, wavering between Greg and her career, hoping, quarreling, making up, weeping, dancing, laughing, deciding one minute to marry Greg and forget work, and then changing her mind.

I USED to see her in the makeup department the morning after she and Greg had quarreled," a studio co-worker told me, "and her hand would tremble as she patted powder over her face. Her eyes were not only tear stained, but weary—worn with too much night clubbing. Greg always liked a good time, you know, and Lana, so beautiful and young, liked gaiety too. So it went on and many a time I felt the joy of her work was so overshadowed with her desire to please Greg, and vice versa, that Lana didn't know where she was."

It took steady, clear-thinking Jane Bryan, who made her decision in favor of love, to reveal the true Lana. "I never knew a girl who worked harder, who put in longer hours at her work without complaint," Jane told me one day. "I know, for I worked at that studio in 'These Glamour Girls'. I can't imagine why Hollywood persists in misunderstanding Lana. She isn't a play-girl at all."

But if Jane suspected Lana was torn and heartsick between love and work, she didn't let on.

From another source came stories of Lana's dislike for Artie during the making of "Dancing Co-Ed."

"Lana would rehearse and rehearse her dances until she was ready to drop and then, when they finally were ready to shoot the scene, Shaw would find some reason to postpone it. I can't understand why he provoked Lana so," a studio attaché told me.

It's easier to understand now. I believe that even then, despite all the rumored attentions to others, Artie Shaw was fighting himself. He was trying not to care too much about a girl who didn't care for him, and whose heart belonged to another. And so he and Lana clashed. But behind Lana's beautiful face, the lonely, unhappy Shaw saw something no one else troubled to see in Lana. He saw the real girl, the one we're telling you about now. The girl whose happiness was being stunted, warped. No wonder as Artie and Lana drove along the beach that night of their very first date, that something electric happened. Artie Shaw spoke, not to Lana the glamour girl, but to Lana the woman. It was the first time anyone had ever paid her the compliment of treating her like a mature person.

"I knew in that instant," Lana says, "I'd found something my heart had been crying for, and I wanted to marry Artie as much as he wanted to marry me. I wanted to belong to him, to work along with him, to have a peaceful quiet love, and so I agreed to elope that night to Las Vegas to be married. In the completeness of it, I forgot all about my dreams for a church wedding with flowers and a veil and all the trimmings. Why, Artie was offering me something so beautiful I—well, I just grabbed it. I wish I could tell you the peace and happiness that is mine now."

Her eyes, no longer troubled, shine with it. It's exactly as if someone had pressed a button that turned on a light that reveals Lana for the first time.

"My mind is at last at peace about my work. I never dreamed I could be so ambitious to get ahead. We've agreed, Artie and I, to try to keep topping one another, keeping on top together. To work hard and diligently, to keep up with each other. I now know no one can be really happy without work. I can feed myself now on all the lovely things in books and music I've longed for. There's no one now to say, 'Turn off the highbrow stuff, kid, and let's get some swing.' Strange that the King of Swing should share with me an appreciation of good music. Why I don't even know if Artie can dance, and think of the lifetime he's spent in night clubs. And do you know the joy of not having to go to a nightclub for entertainment? To sit quietly at home and talk together, and discover the dream and hopes of each other. I used to look about me in Hollywood nightclubs at poor, tired, bored faces and think, 'Why don't all of you go home? Why don't I? Why are we here?' I think I even knew the answer. They didn't want to be alone long enough to think. To probe into their hearts to find the unhappiness that lay there."

And that's the girl Hollywood called the Nightclub Baby.

"Since I've found myself through Artie's love, I had the courage to speak to my bosses about my work. To ask that they let me be me on the screen, and they've agreed. They have wonderful new plans for me. And Artie has wonderful plans for his work, too."

Yes, for the first time we're seeing the real Lana Turner. Artie Shaw, who is at least ten years older than his bride, who has twice before been married, who recently gave up his orchestra at his peak to find himself again, has made us see this new Lana. And if those bubbles of happiness, "big round wonderful bubbles," as Lana calls them, should burst, and bring a measure of heartache, they will still have done a wonderful thing—they will have caused a frightened, unhappy girl to find herself and her soul, and no one can ask from any marriage a greater thing than that.

■ Here was the long-term romance that came to a sudden end when Lana and Artie staged their midnight elopement. Greg Bautzer, above, had been Lana's constant companion until—

■ **A campus romance has become a recipe for happy marriage whose ingredients are love, understanding and a wife untouched by her husband's musical success**

Tune in Glenn Miller's Chesterfield program over CBS, at 10 P.M., E.D.S.T., every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

By JACK SHER

FIFTEEN years ago, a couple of college kids by the names of Helen Burger and Glenn Miller began going places together. They were both students at the University of Colorado. Helen was a shy, pretty, brown-eyed girl, who had been raised in the small town of Boulder, where the University is situated. Glenn was a tall, thin, equally shy young fellow, who had been brought up on a farm in Clarinda, Iowa. He was working his way through school by playing in a band.

There was nothing unusual about these kids, unless you call being in love unusual. After awhile, Glenn left school and began playing in bands all over the country. When Helen was graduated from the university, they were married. That was eleven years ago.

They must have been a very nice couple then. But they couldn't have been nearly as nice as they are now. The reason is that each of them has absorbed some of the other's qualities, until now you can't think of one without thinking of the other. And Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller are very pleasant to think about.

It is not my intention to place Helen and Glenn Miller on any pedestal as the "ideal couple." The "ideal couple" routine has been greatly overworked and, in the language of the musician, it is a little "corny." The best you can say of any couple is that they enjoy each other and that it is a lot of fun being with them. And this can be said of the Millers without any reservations.

The best place to enjoy Helen and Glenn is not in some swanky night spot where Glenn may be playing, but in the (*Continued on page* 51)

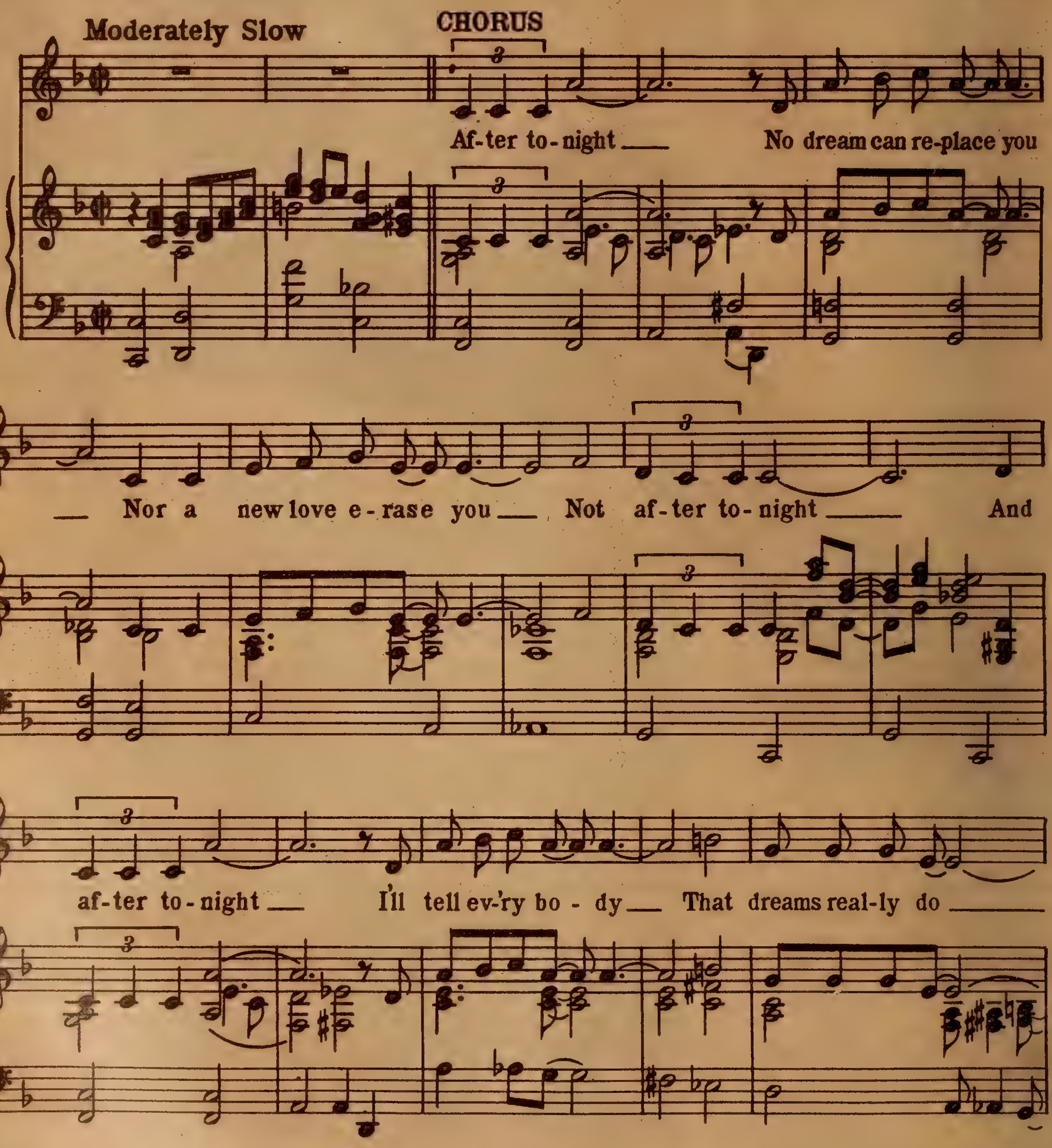
RADIO MIRROR'S PREVIEW OF A HIT

After To-Night

■ Good news for everyone who likes a lilting tune! Here are the words and music of a brand new melody written by the bandleader who has made musical history this season

Lyric by
TED FETTER

Music by
GLENN MILLER



Copyright 1939 by Robbins Music Corporation, 799 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.

— come true — Then if some cy-nic should vow Mi-ra-cles don't hap-pen

now — I'll just have a lit-tle laugh in my heart with your thrill there —

Still there dar-ling af-ter to-night — I know there's a Hea-ven

— For I've been in Hea-ven to-night with you. —

SONG OF THE MONTH

FROM the first moment she met him, Helen Trent felt the fascination of Drew Sinclair—and tried to fight against it. For Drew was not only a famous Hollywood producer, while she was his employee, designing costumes for his pictures, but he was married. Helen, living in Hollywood with her old friend Agatha Anthony, put Drew from her mind and concentrated on doing her job. But through the treachery of a co-worker, she was accused of ruining an expensive scene by using the wrong costumes, and Drew dismissed her. She was eventually able to clear herself, and when she returned to his employ their relationship had subtly changed—so much so that he was soon inviting her to visit his home and meet his little son, while Sandra, his wife, was away on a yacht cruise. Slowly their friendship grew deeper, and when Drew's most expensive picture, for which Helen had done the costumes, was a failure, he turned to her for comfort. His backers, disgusted with the poor returns of his last few pictures, were withdrawing their support, he told Helen, and he would have to start all over again. Peter, Drew's little boy, fell sick and Drew radioed his wife to return home. By the time Sandra's yacht reached the harbor, it became fog-bound and could not enter, so Drew and Helen went out in a motor launch to bring her in. When they reached the yacht, Sandra was not on deck and Drew went below to find her. A minute later, Helen and the other guests heard a shot and rushed below, to find Drew bending over the dead body of a man.

The Romance

THE afternoon sun lay like a blessing on the patio of Helen's beautiful Trenthony Ranch, turning the tiny, tart, oranges on the kumquat bushes to a richer gold, warming the rough flagstones of the pavement, brightening little Peter Sinclair's yellow hair and blue sweater. Helen, lying back on the wicker chaise longue, watched the boy as, intent on nothing else, he constructed an architectural project of building blocks.

He had been living at the ranch for only a little while, but already he was as dear to her, she thought, as her own child could have been—as dear as the little girl she had borne eight years ago to Martin Trent would have been had she lived.

He looked up and smiled into her eyes. "See what I'm making, Helen?" he asked. "It's a jail. Nobody can get out of it."

Helen shuddered, and for an instant all the brightness drained from the afternoon. But of course, Peter didn't know—couldn't know. Was there an instinct in children, a telepathic quality that told them what others were thinking? Had her mind, perhaps, brought this notion of a jail to Peter's?

Once more, for the thousandth—millionth!—time, she saw the crowded court room, smelled its odor of close-packed humanity. She heard the District Attorney's questions, hammering at her as she sat in the witness chair.

"Then you believe, Mrs. Trent, that if the accused Drew Sinclair had known of Dimitri Petrolov's presence on his wife's yacht, he would have mentioned it to you?"

"—I am sure he would." (Impossible to believe otherwise, because in all of Drew Sinclair's irritation at Sandra when she failed to return to Hollywood, there had not been a trace of jealousy! She could have known—she could not have helped knowing, because her love had attuned her to all his thoughts!)

"Did *you* know that Petrolov was on the yacht?"

"No."

"Yet testimony has shown that his—friendship—with Mrs. Sinclair was common Hollywood gossip."

"But I hadn't heard it."

The District Attorney stepped back, letting that pass, sure that the jury would draw its own inference: that since it was common gossip, Drew Sinclair must have heard it, must have gone out to the yacht bent upon revenge.

Both stared at Helen, the woman grimly, the girl with a sort of timid curiosity.

Do some loves grow strong and passionate only in the midst of hardship, to wane and die when life goes smoothly? That is the possibility Helen is faced with as Drew deserts her in the hour of her greatest need for his sympathy

Listen to the Romance of Helen Trent, starring Virginia Clark and sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper and Louis Philippe Cosmetics, over CBS Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.

The Romance of Helen Trent

"Did you see the accused in possession of a revolver at any time that evening?"

"No."

"But Mr. Sinclair was wearing a topcoat, wasn't he? It would have been possible for him to conceal a revolver in one of the pockets, wouldn't it?"

"I—I suppose so."

Oh, she couldn't blame them for believing Drew had shot Dimitri Petrolov. The evidence was damning enough. The fact, admitted by everyone, that Drew had surprised Sandra Sinclair in Pertolov's arms; the unidentified revolver, bearing no fingerprints but Drew's own. Even Jonathan Hayward, Drew's lawyer and Helen's friend, could not believe in his innocence. He had begged Drew to plead guilty and trust to the unwritten law to get him off with a light sentence; but Drew had stubbornly refused, repeating again and again his story that there had been a struggle after Sandra left the room, that Petrolov had knocked him down, and that just as he was getting to his feet there had been a shot and Petrolov had fallen forward on his face. . . .

Only Helen believed in him, only she was sure that if Drew said he had not killed Petrolov he was telling the truth. Sandra had not believed. She had believed in him so little that she had gone to Reno before Drew's trial and secured a divorce. It was only at the trial itself that they had discovered the reason for her haste. She wished to testify against Drew, and she had feared that as his wife she could not legally do so.

Perhaps that action of Sandra's was what made Helen's faith so precious to Drew. "I wouldn't want to go on," he had said only a few nights ago, in his narrow, dimly lit cell, "if you thought I was guilty, Helen. It's funny—I don't hate Sandra—I never expected, really, anything better from her—but if you—oh, my darling—"

There they were at last, those words she had so longed to hear from his lips. "My darling. My darling." How bitterly ironic that he should speak them first in a prison cell, under sentence of death!

"I shouldn't tell you," he had murmured, his head bent over her hands, his lips against their skin. "I've tried not to. There's nothing I can offer you, except the fact that I *do* love you."

"Drew—dearest—that's enough. Oh," she cried, lifting his head until

he was forced to see her face, shining with compassion and love, "oh, so much more than enough! If you'd only known how I wanted to have you love me!"

DID you?" He seemed struck with wonderment. "Why, I've loved you from the first. I fought against it—I could, you know, or thought I could, while I had the studio, while I had something to do. But now—it doesn't seem worth while fighting any longer. If only—if only I hadn't lost my temper. Sandra and I haven't been happy together for a long time, but she wouldn't give me a divorce—not while I could still buy her all the things she wanted. And my first thought, when I stepped into that stateroom and found her with another man, was that now I could divorce her and have the right to tell you I loved you. Then I saw who the man was and I—I went a little crazy. Petrolov, of all people! The slimy . . . gigolo! Everyone in Hollywood knows—knew—him for what he was. But I swear—I swear I never even thought of killing him. I couldn't even believe he was dead, after the shot. I must have picked up the revolver, but I don't even remember that."

Of course he was telling the truth, as he had told it in the court room. But—there it was again, the inescapable fact—only she believed him. And now, in a bare six weeks, they would hang him. "To be hanged by the neck—" how did it go?—"until you are dead."

With an abrupt contraction of every muscle in her body, she jumped up and began to pace back and forth, back and forth. She must *not* torture herself with these thoughts! If think she must, there were so many better things . . .

She forced herself to walk more slowly, to think logically and clearly. Somehow, Dimitri Petrolov had been murdered, and not by Drew. But how else? There was only one entrance to the stateroom, the door which she herself had thrown open an instant after the shot, and anyone leaving by that door must have passed her in the companionway. The possibility that Petrolov had committed suicide was ruled out by the absence of powder burns and the fact that he had been shot in the back.

Desperately, she cast her mind back to that dreadful evening, trying to pick up one clue, one single, lonely clue that would lead her to the murderer. It was all the more difficult because after the murder she could remember only a confused blur of voices, asking questions; of feet running across the deck; of hysterical, frightened women—

Helen stopped short. For a moment she stood, still as a statue in the brilliant sunlight, and slowly conviction grew in her. Something she had forgotten, something that had lain for weeks, buried deep in her mind, had stirred, awakened.

For there had not been so much hysteria, after all. Not really. Most of the women, after the first shock, had behaved rather well. But Helen remembered—now, for the first time—one thin cry of horror that had gone up from the group clustered about the door of the room. From—from—yes! from Florence Conway!

Suppose, she asked herself, that cry had been not alone one of horror, but of grief as well? Suppose Petrolov's death had meant more to Florence Conway than it should? She recalled Drew's words: "A gigolo. . . . everyone in Hollywood knew him for what he was." That meant, surely, that Sandra had not been his only conquest. Wasn't it possible that Florence Conway too had loved him? And that—

And that Bart Conway, her husband, who had also been on the yacht for Sandra's cruise, had known of his wife's unfaithfulness? Had killed the man who was responsible for it?

"Agatha!" Helen called. Once more, as she had done so many times in the past, she gave silent thanks for the loyalty and steadfast reliability of Agatha Anthony, the elderly friend with whom she had lived for years. Peter would be perfectly safe, left in her charge.

AGATHA met her on the threshold of the French windows, her spectacles pushed crookedly up into her gray hair. "What in the world!" she exclaimed. "Helen Trent, what do you mean by screaming that way, scaring me out of my wits?"

"Take care of Peter, Agatha," Helen said. "I'm going into town—don't know when I'll be back—just had an idea—"

And then, having jammed on a felt hat and shrugged her way into a light coat, she was gone, running across the yard to the garage.

By the time she had reached the Conway's oriental palace in Beverly Hills (Bart Conway was a director whose box-office value amply justified and even made imperative a show-place for a residence) she was beginning to doubt her own intuition. Because that was all it was—only a hunch. And anyway, the Conways must have been questioned, long ago, by the police.

But the (*Continued on page* 71)

FLYING'S MY HOBBY

By Bernarr Macfadden

THIRTY years ago in Chicago I saw one of the Wright brothers take off in the first plane they ever built. Right then I decided to make aviation my hobby. A few years ago I began to learn to fly my own plane. My friends tried to stop me—just because I was nearly 70 years old. But I went right ahead and soon made my first solo flight.

I've cracked up six times. But I've flown 160,000 miles solo, and I'm still in one piece. I travel everywhere by plane—and whenever I have a difficult problem to solve, I go up alone and fly till I've thought it out.

The biggest thrill I've gotten from my hobby came just before my 70th birthday, when I made my first non-stop solo flight from New York to Miami. Half way to Miami I ran into bad weather, and the closer I got, the worse the fog became. I thought my gas supply was going to run out and that I'd have to make a forced landing. To make matters worse, I had no instruments for blind flying. When I finally got to Miami I couldn't find the airport. All I could do was head out to sea, turn and fly back towards land, hoping to spot the airport. And sure enough, there it was right ahead of me—a most welcome sight. I didn't realize the excitement I had caused until I started to land. An ambulance and a fire truck, loaded with reporters, were racing out to meet me. Everyone thought I'd be so tired I'd either crack up or at least need medical attention. But I landed safely—and the only tonic I needed was the thrill of knowing that at the age of 70 I'd done what I had set out to do.

(Broadcast on Dave Elman's CBS Hobby Lobby program.)

One Man's Family

CLAUDIA BARBOUR

■ Introducing, in this unique series of intimate personal histories, fascinating and lawless Claudia who recognized no convention that barred her from happiness

THE moving force behind many of the dramas at the Barbour home in San Francisco is tempestuous little Claudia, a vivid brunette with a contagious laugh.

Youngest of the two daughters, she is both unpredictable and obstinate; and strikingly beautiful.

Claudia is a restless realist and an incorrigible rebel, who often turns the home at Sea Cliff into a swarm of emotion and nervous expectancy.

Above all her lust for wild adventure, she has one trait notably absent in all the other Barbours. She is at times lacking in scruple, and will tread on any toes that may be in her path when her mind is fixed on a goal.

Father and Mother Barbour are in no way to blame for her lack of discipline, for every parental hand that has touched her has been firm. She is not Father Barbour's favorite daughter and is therefore not spoiled. Claudia is more of a product of the age than a product of the Barbour family. She grew up in the "flapper" age—the age assailed by reformists as reckless and shocking.

The family, as an outgrowth of Claudia's adventures, has lost many nights of sleep during crises that seemed to go on interminably, but she has redeeming features. Not the least of these is her ability to make family problems fade away when she laughs.

Father Barbour, a worrier at heart, is often amazed at the way his worries dissolve after a three-minute talk with Claudia. A family group, gravely pondering some incidents of the day or the week, brightens spontaneously when she appears. This is with the provision, of course, that Claudia herself is untroubled.

Claudia has deep respect for the Barbour family, especially Paul, and Father Barbour, but only insofar as she is not personally inconvenienced. She does not mind incurring their displeasure if in doing so, she achieves an end.

THE first family crisis involving Claudia came nine years ago when she was a sophomore at the University of California at Berkeley. She eloped suddenly to Reno with a senior, Johnny Roberts.

News of the elopement bolted out of the blue and Father Barbour found it "appalling." He tried to persuade her to have the marriage annulled.

She was eighteen at the time and bent on seeing it through.

Father Barbour, who was not overly fond of Johnny Roberts, refused to look upon the union as a triumph of love. Claudia, he said, had shamefully given in to concupiscent desires.

(*Continued on page* 56)

■ Do you blissfully close your eyes as Clyde Burke and Sally Vass are doing? You should look where you're going. Below, Charlie Wilson and Jitchy, Jimmy Brown and Emily block dance floor traffic by stopping to talk. Don't you!

P's and

■ No matter how quick you are at picking up the latest steps, you aren't a good dancer if you break any of these rules

THE things a bandleader sees! Every night, from his raised platform, he watches dancing couples make mistakes that cut down on their own and other people's fun. Sammy Kaye, star of the Sensation Cigarette Program on NBC Monday nights, has observed thousands of dancers, and he says sadly that nearly all of them break at least one of these all-important terpsichorean commandments—and never even realize it!

To give you a pictorial lesson in what to do and what not to do on the dance floor, Sammy enlisted the aid of his four masculine vocalists and four pretty Vass Sisters, also featured on the Sensation program. Take a careful look at the pictures on these two pages, and then if you can honestly say you don't commit any of the errors shown in them, there's no reason why you shouldn't be the belle of the ball.

■ Sammy Kaye winked winningly in response to Emily's wave as she dances by—but just the same he knows that partner Clyde Burke is boiling inside, because nothing irritates a man more than having his girl flirt with the bandleader.

■ Below, Jitchy Vass is letting Charlie Wilson do all the work of dancing—and she'll wonder why he's so tired at the end of the evening! But Tommy Ryan (right) is making as big a mistake by clamping Weezie Vass in much too tight a grip.

Q's of dancing

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Photos, especially posed for Radio Mirror, by William Haussler, NBC.

■ Maybe Emily doesn't like the dresses the other girls are wearing (above), but she shouldn't show it so plainly. At right, the out-jutting elbow that Tommy Ryan thinks is so stylish has just landed Jitchy Vass a good poke in the back.

HOW TO SING FOR

■ If a radio station put you on the air tomorrow, could you prepare a program that would keep listeners tuning in? A famous Hollywood coach brings you rules that really work for success in broadcasting

YOU can lay this down as almost a hard-and-fast rule: If you are in the business of singing popular songs for pay, you have to know how to conduct yourself in a broadcasting studio. Sooner or later, even if your primary job is singing with a dance band or in a night club, you will undoubtedly do some broadcasting. And that's why I want to talk to you this month about singing for radio.

All the other things I've told you about singing for money—how to pick the songs you can do best, how to arrange them, how to get an audition, and all the rest—are important. But when you've learned them, you still have the mysteries of radio broadcasting ahead of you. You still have to learn to project your personality through the medium of sound alone.

In Hollywood dramatic schools it's a common thing to see a godlike young male embracing a gorgeous blonde creature, exclaiming passionately, "1-2-3!" He isn't crazy. He's learning to say, "I love you" without the help of the words, by throwing their meaning into the very tone and timbre of his voice. There's a moral in it for you, who are to don radio's cloak of darkness, for your voice is going to be your only messenger.

That factor of invisibility must govern your whole delivery-technique. On the stage or screen a character can enter, flap his arms, brush the snow from his hat, and let you know without a word or sound that it's cold outside, and snowing. In radio, listeners must *hear* the door slam and *hear* the newcomer say "Brrr! Why don't you shovel the snow off your walk!"

This is why you must learn to throw your whole personality into your voice and voice alone, with no help from your good looks or attractive manner. It can be done: you can, for example, actually put a smile in your voice. Of course, it'll probably be in a song that has a happy lyric, and you'll be helped by a lift from your orchestral backing; but you'll create the main effect by smiling joyously as you sing, issuing your voice from a mouth that's *shaped* to a laugh. The same sort of thing projects the other moods. The recipe is simple. Just *feel* what you're singing even harder than you do for a visible audience, letting your face and movements reflect your emotion.

A second factor is the peculiar privilege of your radio audience to come in late, to leave at an instant's notice for a better show next door, or to listen to you with only half an ear. Your show must be *continuously* good to persuade the latecomers to stay with you, catch the dial-twisters, and galvanize half-attention into real interest. One weak spot—just one—and part of your audience walks out. When they walk out before the "commercial" (the sponsor's advertisement), it runs into money. Your money in the long run.

Well, what to do about it? Obviously, of course, work out and prepare a show with no letdowns. More than that, gauge your audience. Find out who they are, what sort of people, what they're doing while you're coming out of their radios, what they like. A little common-sense and analytical thinking does a lot to tell you the answers: the advice of show-wise people will do more.

Determining just what is "good radio" is a gigantic guessing game, played for the biggest stakes the entertainment world has ever seen, conducted by a hierarchy of officials, sponsors, and advertising agencies. It's essential that you know what they *think* is good radio from day to day. Fortunately, most of their information sources are open to you—the trade papers, the trade gossip, and some of the surveys. The most

Copyright 1939, by Charles Henderson and Charles Palmer

■ Even the smallest of orchestras will make your voice sound better than a simple piano accompaniment—so do your best to get one.

■ Don't ever neglect your fan mail. In radio it's the equivalent of hand-clapping in a theater—and who'd think of neglecting that?

MONEY

By CHARLES HENDERSON
(with Charles Palmer)

important of the latter is the Crossley, commonly referred to as your "rating". The Crossley people telephone various groups of listeners and ask to what station is the home radio tuned. If out of 100 contacts 21 of them name yours, your rating is 21. The figure itself isn't nearly as important as making it increase while you're on the show, as Crossley also keeps records on individual performers.

NOW then, about the different kinds of singing jobs in radio. The term "sustaining" means that you are paid by the station to fill in time which has not been sold to sponsors. One form is choral work, which may lead to an occasional solo. Another is a "spot": doing a solo or two on a variety show which the station puts on as a showcase for its unsold talent. Finally, there is your own sustaining snow, usually a fifteen-minute affair. The weekly schedule of a station's "staff singer" may include all three.

The cream of radio work, of course, is the commercial broadcast. The actual singing jobs are much the same as on a sustainer: group, spot solo, or the entire show built around you. The main difference is that you're now playing for bigger money; with the result that everything is more important, more carefully discussed, and more severely criticized. The added pressure pays off in higher salaries and much greater prestige.

But here is a badly needed caution. The radio station is in business to make money: it hires you for a sustainer not merely to fill its schedule, but because it hopes to sell you (and the "time") to a commercial sponsor. Your sustaining spot is therefore really a sort of continuous audition, and you'll be wise to give it the same careful preparation (*Continued on page* 63)

Illustrations by Steele Savage

■ After the program is "set" don't ad lib or insert new lines into the script—remember, a radio show is timed to the split second.

Did he ask you out again?

Illustrations by Mary Horton

When he takes you dancing, you mustn't be a Ramrod.

EVER since I said good bye to a girl who visited me in New York for a week, I've been wondering . . .

Why, after I'd introduced that girl to three separate and very likable men, did she fail to be invited out a second time by any of them? Why, in spite of her pretty face and figure, didn't they like her?

I wondered so much that I made some observations while she was still visiting me, and some inquiries after she left, and I ended up by discovering truths I think every woman ought to know, be she married or single, in love or fancy-free. Considering the fact that to most women and girls male companionship is rather essential—for their well-being, for the stimulation of their vanities, for the purpose of having fun and, of course, for the eventual possibility of getting or staying married—it's odd that so many of them seem to have no idea of what men like or look for in women.

Every girl has to learn how to get along with men. But while she's learning, she may make mistakes that not only cause her to miss a lot of fun, but even scare off men in whom she could be seriously interested.

That's what happened to my visiting girl friend, Myra.

When I got Myra's letter, telling me she was coming to stay with me for a week, I was delighted. I remembered her as being charming and pretty and I had no misgivings. I went right to the telephone and called three of the nicest young men I know. Most men think there's something very adventurous about a blind date, so I had no trouble at all in arranging for the first three evenings of Myra's visit. After that, I was sure, the three young men would fight it out among themselves as to who should be her escort for the rest of the week. But I reckoned without Myra.

Thinking it would make Myra more comfortable than going out alone with a stranger, I arranged a foursome for the first evening. We were going to the Ballet Theatre and then to supper and dancing. Myra got off on a false start and stayed that way all evening.

To begin with, she was so anxious to make a fine appearance that she kept the three of us waiting for half an hour while she primped and fussed in her bedroom. When she finally did join us, she had, of course, overdone the whole thing. She was much too made up and she had a great deal too much perfume on.

Then, as we drove to the Ballet Theatre—only about fifteen minutes late for the opening number—she couldn't make up her mind which young man she liked best, her own escort or mine. She gushed, first over one and then over the other, and none of us was happy. I was embarrassed. My escort didn't know whether to be polite or rude. And her escort was plainly bewildered.

The rest of the evening was just as unfortunate. She was *very* gay and vivacious. She chattered incessantly about herself and what she liked and didn't like. She didn't like the Ballet. And when, after a hurried supper, our escorts virtually ditched us at my home, I mentally crossed Tom off my list of possible future dates for Myra.

The second evening I was working and couldn't go out with her. But I did my best to tone her down a little by advising her against too much make-up and seeing that she was ready by the time Dick called for her. However, I suspect she must have pulled a few boners, because she was already home when I returned from the studio. And, although she said Dick had been very nice to her, he didn't call up for another date.

On the third evening, with the third nicest young man I know in tow, we went dancing. By this time, I guess she had noticed she wasn't doing so well, because she had

If you sit and talk, don't treat him to a "cat session."

■ **If he didn't, you can be sure you've sinned against one of his masculine prejudices. A lovely singing star discovers hidden truths about feminine behavior, and tells you how NOT to be a one-date girl**

By Lucille Manners

quieted down a little. She didn't talk so much and she didn't sparkle continually in that nervous, artificial way. She and her escort, Harry, were getting on together very well and I relaxed.

Then, as I was sitting out a dance with Harry while my escort was dancing with my girl friend, Harry turned around and watched them on the dance floor.

"Uh-huh," he murmured more to himself than to me. "She's a Bunny."

Now, this might have been taken as a compliment—but not how he said it. I asked him what a Bunny was.

"A Bunny, Lucille," Harry said, "is a girl who loves to lay her soft curly head on your shoulder while she dances and always leaves part of her Elizabeth Arden blush on your lapel. A Bunny's worse than all the others."

"What others?" I asked.

"Oh, the Ramrod, the Strong Arm, the Strangler, the Pavlova, the Fountain," Harry said. "All you have to do is stop asking those to dance and you're safe. But a Bunny leaves a mark you carry around all night."

Naturally, I wanted to know what all these names meant.

"The Ramrod," Harry explained obligingly, "is the girl who's so nervous and afraid of you that she keeps her back as stiff as a board and holds you at arm's length. The Strong Arm is the lady who knows much better than you do where you should go and insists on leading. The Strangler uses a combination of loose joints and a clinging vine technique. The Pavlova, of course, is the divine dancer who wants everyone to notice how wonderful she is and sees to it that they do. The Fountain is the pain in the neck who insists on chattering away gayly, when all you want to do is dance and enjoy the music."

Well, to get back to Myra. By the time she got back to our table, Harry had definitely cooled off toward her. She couldn't help noticing it. Of course, I had no way of explaining that it was because she had left her rouge and powder on his shirt front. Well, seeing that he seemed to have lost interest, she set to work to win it back.

And then I realized what was wrong. She was really, essentially, still the charming, lovely girl I remembered her to be. She was just too anxious to make a hit. She worked too hard at it and consequently, when it didn't seem to be working, she got panicky and did all the wrong things. And that's when it struck me that her case was probably by no means unique.

I suppose one of the most important things for a girl to remember on a first date, is *not to try too hard* to be interesting and amusing. The chances are that if a man has asked you out at all, it's because he found you attractive and congenial in the first place. So the safest thing seems to be to go on being the person that attracted him to begin with. There's really no need for any act or line. And don't think for a moment that men don't see through an act as soon as it's turned on. They do—and they don't like it.

Not long ago, at a party, a man I know came over and sat down beside me.

"I came over for sympathy, Lucille," he said. "I was never so bored in my life."

Now, I had noticed him at the bar, laughing and seemingly having a good time with a very attractive girl.

"You didn't look bored," I laughed.

"I'm polite—sometimes," he answered. "That girl has a line that's going to strangle her some day."

"Wasn't it a good one?" I asked.

"No line is any good after five minutes," he said. "For about five minutes it's flattering and amusing to a man that any girl should go to so much trouble just for him. He even kids himself that it's strictly

for his benefit. Then the sense begins to leak back into his brain and he knows darned well that she probably uses the same technique on every man she meets. And then he does one of two things. He either gets mad and calls her bluff, or else he's polite and gets bored. I got bored."

There's another thing that seems to bother men a good bit. Often, they ask girls out just for the sake of a few hours of pleasant conversation and companionship. But, they've found, through long experience, that it's hardly ever possible to leave it at just that. Girls have apparently come to expect a great deal of flattery, and seem to consider themselves definite social failures unless men make open advances to them. So men feel duty bound to make overtures, even when they would much rather not.

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that there is such a thing as unconsciously inviting disasters—advances included. What happened to a girl I know, not so long ago, seems to bear this out. She told me that she had known a certain very popular young man for a long time. They went out together quite often and had a lot of fun together, without ever once getting serious about each other. Then, one day, another girl told her that this young man was considered a rather dangerous combination of gay Lothario, Casanova and Don Juan. This was surprising news to the girl who had known him for such a long time. But the next time she went out with him, the idea that he was considered dangerous and that maybe she should be on her guard against him kept coming to her mind. It made her uncomfortable, always watching for the slightest sign of an advance. And it made him uncomfortable. And the upshot of it all was that before the evening was over, the young man did fulfill the threat. In other words, if you're afraid something is going to happen, it's more than likely that it will happen.

Continuing my research after Myra had gone home, I asked the men I know exactly what it is they do expect of a girl the first time they take her out. And here's what I found out.

They like girls to be well dressed, but not fussily. Men are very conservative. That's been said before, but I think it needs stressing. They like being seen with an attractive girl, but they shrink from being seen with someone who is flashily dressed and extremely made-up.

They hate being kept waiting. And they don't like to meet girls in public places—under clocks or in bars.

Men like girls to be intelligent listeners. That means, they don't like to carry on continuous male monologues. While they do like to talk about themselves and the things that interest them, they also want to feel that they are being entertaining. The funny thing about this is that you'll find if you take an active part in the conversation, asking intelligent questions when you're not familiar with the subject and contributing your own ideas when you have them, both the man and the conversation will really grow interesting and stimulating. But don't ever make the mistake of turning your conversation into a "cat session" just to have something to say. It's always poor taste to make disparaging remarks about other people and only ends in making you look "catty" to a man.

Men don't like self conscious girls. Nothing irritates them more than a girl who's constantly repairing her make-up and staring into her mirror. And they class as self conscious those girls who talk too loudly and laugh too loudly and make extravagant gestures to attract attention in public.

If you are a heavy smoker, cut down a little on the number of cigarettes you smoke, the first few times you're out with a man. Men have grown used to the idea of women smoking, but they still don't really approve of it. And don't ever smoke on the street when you're with a man.

All men dislike insincerity. They hate being gushed over because it makes them feel silly to have a fuss made over them and undue importance placed on some chance remark or gesture they may have made.

They don't like possessive girls. So don't start telling a man not to smoke so much or drink so much or, how, where, and when to do anything, the first time you go out with him. The Little Mother type is not popular at all. Nor is the other extreme liked any better—the girl who just can't think or move or act without the advice and help of her escort. Men love being big and strong and masterly, but they don't like to feel they're indispensable to the life of a girl they hardly know.

Which leads to the most important suggestion of all, I think. Never, never be obvious in your attempt to get a man. Nothing frightens men so much, nor prompts them to run so far and so fast, as a girl who is obviously out to get herself a life partner. Men still like to feel that the choice is their own. Then, too, there's the other side of it. If you try too hard, men might get the idea there's something wrong with you since you have to work so hard to win their attention and interest.

Actually, it all boils down to this. Be yourself. Be natural and at ease, as pleasant and as amusing as you can be without any strain on your part. The result will be that men will be comfortable and happy in your company and will want to see you again and again. And, after that, you're on your own.

■ Our author, attractive Lucille Manners, is the featured concert star of the Cities Service Hour, heard every Friday night at 8:00, E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Red network.

■ The White House honors radio's "Gracie Allen for President." Left to right, Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Ruby Black and Gracie

■ Left, James Cagney gets a kiss of congratulation from his sister Jean after a Screen Guild performance.

●

■ Right, Joan Crawford with Arch Oboler whose plays Joan is always most anxious to do—for nothing.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to Fisher Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon as well as Saturday night over Mutual.

GRACIE ALLEN, who has been "guesting" on most of the network programs in her campaign for president, returned home one evening and sank wearily into a chair. Her two children, Sandra and Ronnie, stood sympathetically about her. Suddenly, Sandra said, "Poor Mommy . . . are you working for all the stations now?"

* * *

If one of the stars of the Radio Theater should ever be taken ill at the last minute, the show will go on just the same. Each role is well covered by understudies, known only to Producer Cecil B. DeMille and his associates, who have instructions to stand by within ten minutes' drive of the studio. Paid for their trouble, no understudy so far has ever had to fill any but a minor role.

* * *

Artie Shaw, who won some recognition by marrying glamour gal Lana Turner, may win some more on his own merits. Said to be that Artie has been approached with a new radio deal which will call for the ex-swing-king and his orchestra to co-star with the Andrews sisters.

* * *

Joan Crawford's guest shot on Arch Oboler's program cost the network exactly $21, the AFRA minimum, because Joan was that anxious to appear on an Oboler show. The quote on her for commercial shows is $3,500.

* * *

Illness at the last minute prevented William Powell's appearance on the Screen Guild program recently. The moment doctors told Bill he could return to work, the first thing he did was phone Roger Pryor, master of ceremonies for the series, and place himself on call.

(*Continued on page* 62)

THE COOKING CORNER SAYS: "House

While getting your house in order for the new season it's no task to fix this delicious spring salad. Right, try these attractive ramekins for your fish souffle.

by
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELLOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daytime talks Monday through Friday at 12 noon, E.D.S.T., also her variety show Friday night, both over CBS.

SPRING isn't the only thing that's in the air these days. There's also the whir of the vacuum cleaner and the carpet sweeper, the swish of mops and dusters and polishing cloths as we enter into our annual task of making our homes gay and sparkling and shining with cleanliness. Since spring cleaning is such an important task for all of us, I've been saving all winter tips which will not only help you to set your house in order but will enable you easily and more efficiently to keep it that way throughout the year. If this sounds pretty far away from a cooking department's routine, don't be misled, for we're spring cleaning our menus this month too, with recipes for the best and most satisfying meals you've ever eaten, which can be prepared amidst the flurry of house cleaning with no extra trouble at all. I call them two-way recipes, for they may be cooked and served in two ways.

Tuna Fish and Macaroni

1 medium can tuna fish
1 medium can macaroni
½ tsp. prepared mustard
½ cup grated cheese or buttered crumbs

Drain and flake the tuna fish, combine with macaroni and mustard and turn into buttered casserole. Cover with grated cheese or buttered crumbs and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes. Variation: Omit buttered crumbs, combine remaining ingredients and heat all together in the top of a double boiler.

Chipped Beef and Corn

1 medium jar chipped beef
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can kernel corn

Freshen chipped beef by covering with boiling water and allowing to stand for five minutes. Combine with soup and corn and bake in buttered casserole at moderate temperature for thirty minutes. Variation: Combine ingredients and heat thoroughly in a double boiler.

Salmon and Pea Souffle

1 medium can salmon
1½ cups canned pea soup (diluted with milk)
1 tbl. flour
2 eggs (beaten separately)
2 tsps. lemon juice
pinch nutmeg

Remove skin and bones from salmon and break into flakes. Heat soup and milk, add salmon and egg yolk beaten with flour and heat all together. Remove from fire, stir in lemon juice, nutmeg and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered casserole or into individual ramekins, place in pan of water and bake in moderate oven until a silver knife, inserted into souffle, will come out clean (about forty minutes). Variation: Omit eggs and flour, combine other ingredients and beat together; serve on thin toast or toasted crackers.

These dishes should be served piping hot (souffles will fall if allowed to stand after being removed from the oven) and any one of them served with a fresh spring salad like the one illustrated (made up of lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, scallions, radishes and watercress), coffee and a simple dessert will provide a dinner which is a treat all through the year.

AND now back to those household tips we were talking about. Suppose we start with the furniture first. Upholstered pieces should first be brushed or vacuumed thoroughly, then for additional freshness moisten two tablespoons white soap flakes in a teaspoonful of tepid water. Beat into a froth with a rotary egg beater and sponge the fabric with the foamy suds, working rapidly so that the material will not get too wet.

First aid to scarred or scratched furniture with a dark finish is the same as for yourself, to get out your first aid kit and paint the wound with iodine. Apply it carefully, covering only the scarred surface, lest the alcohol in the iodine damage the finish. When dry, rub with furniture polish.

Clean Your Menus

AND YOUR KITCHEN TOO"

Make spring cleaning fun by adding some fresh color notes to your kitchen. Above, Kathleen, one of the Mullen Sisters who sing on Kate Smith's show Fridays, puts up a gay new curtain—made out of paper!

Left, Imelda Mullen prefers a fresh coat of paint, while sister Mary Margaret, below, fancies that new, washable paper edging for the pantry.

To the geniuses who have devised so many ways of using paper we should all give thanks. Paper shelving, for instance—nothing adds so much to the fresh appearance of kitchen, pantry and closets as gay shelf paper with matching edgings, and since it's washable it is a time saver throughout the rest of the year. Window blinds and draperies now come in washable paper too.

Paper towels are another boon—small guest towels (they come in a variety of colors to suit any decorating scheme) for the bathroom, a business-like roll of heavier perforated towels for the kitchen where they are invaluable for everything from wiping grease from a skillet or the oil from your salad bowl to draining fried foods and freshly washed salad greens.

Another thing to check up on at housecleaning time is shelf space. Probably no woman who ever lived had sufficient shelves, but it's usually possible to add an extra one or two. If your dish shelves are set far apart, have narrow supplementary shelves placed between the main shelves to accommodate small items such as saucers, sauce dishes, bread and butter plates, ramekins and the like. If you haven't space on your stove for salt, pepper and the spices you use most often, a small metal shelf from your local ten cent store placed near the stove will be a time and energy saver, and its twin, hung over your mixing table to hold cookbooks and recipe files, will prove equally helpful.

Kitchen and bathroom linoleum will lead a brighter—and a longer—life if after mopping it you go over it with a cloth which has been wrung out of melted paraffine. And as a general aid toward brightening the bathroom, what about a new shower curtain with matching window curtains?

And as a final gesture toward spring freshening—remember the paint can and brush.

CBS photos of the Mullen Sisters, courtesy of R. H. Macy & Co., N. Y.

■ It's a new Jimmy Dorsey now—still one of the best saxophonists in the business but also an easy-going guy who clowns with the band and is chummy with the customers.

Facing the Music

FIRST outlet for the new Artie Shaw 31-piece band is Victor Records. The new instrumentation has six brass, four saxes, four rhythms, eight fiddles, two violas, two cellos, one bass clarinet, flute, oboe, and French horn.

Shaw says "The general idea is not to get away from swing music but to present dance music with more color than is possible with the usual brass and saxophone setup that has perhaps, due to constant usage, become monotonous. I will attempt to have a swing band playing as such, augmented by legitimate instruments playing legitimately. Up to now, all attempts at combining swing with legitimate have resulted in something that was neither of the two."

Incidentally MGM is plenty burned over Artie's marriage to their budding starlet, Lana Turner. He doesn't get a royal reception on the movie sets when he calls for his bride.

* * *

I like Sammy Kaye's new stunt "So You Want to Lead a Band" which has been heard frequently over Mutual. Embryo leaders are selected from the audience and the band actually follows their beat. Several radio sponsors are checking into its possibilities as a radio series.

* * *

This Changing World: Georgie Auld and Bunny Berigan have both joined Tommy Dorsey's band after unsuccessful flings as conductors. Auld tried to rescue the old Shaw band after Artie went A.W.O.L.

* * *

Art Kassel is now playing in Chicago's Bismarck Hotel . . . Gray Gordon replaces Blue Barron in New York's Hotel Edison this month . . . Charlie Barnet stays at the Lincoln this summer, then on to Chicago's Sherman . . . Possibility that Tommy Tucker gets the Essex House spot . . . Doris Rhodes, former CBS singer, is now in swing alley's Famous Door —to be followed in May by Connie Boswell.

* * *

The Fitch Bandwagon on NBC-Red has been renewed for 52 weeks.

By KEN ALDEN

The man who first taught Rudy Vallee, saxophonist Rudy Wiedoeft, died of a stomach ailment in February. He was 46.

* * *

The frequent illnesses of big time dance band leaders (Goodman, Shaw, Miller to name a few) have other topnotchers developing into hypochondriacs. You see they have to make their money while currently in public favor and this means playing theaters, hotels, and recording almost simultaneously. There's little time for rest and relaxation.

* * *

The National Association of Broadcasters have set up their own music organization and are out to fight A.S.C.A.P., the composers and publishers' society. Largest share of income for the music world comes from the radio and the squabbles about royalties have been numerous.

* * *

Contrary to popular belief, Johnny Green does not use a pickup studio band for his air shows and outside engagements. The 17 men work exclusively for Johnny.

■ Dimpled, blonde Helen O'Connell is Jimmy's girl vocalist. She's twenty years old, and supports her family.

■ Handsome Bob Eberly has never sung with any other band but Jimmy's. He isn't married and likes intelligent brunettes.

He Didn't Want to Lead the Band

JIMMY DORSEY never wanted to lead a band. The retiring, shy saxophonist was quite content to let his more exuberant brother Tommy hold the baton for their band. But circumstances lifted him unwillingly from behind the obscure music racks and placed him on the podium, to give the airwaves two great Dorsey bands instead of one.

Up to 1934, Jimmy and Tommy had clicked with Damon and Pythias perfection with the Dorsey Brothers' band. Then the flames of discord smouldered. Sharp, bitter words, not yet forgotten, were exchanged. Tommy left the band to form his own organization, and the reticent older brother Jimmy suddenly found himself a bandleader with a costly investment to protect.

Jimmy accepted the task and plunged into his new, unwanted role with the same mechanical perfection that had won him the deserved title of "world's greatest saxophonist."

But there is more to leading a famous dance band than just musical mastery. You must smile sweetly to the worshipful dancers, continually conceive startling new ideas, and develop showmanship. It took all the ability of a tireless manager, Billy Burton, and a determined wife to make Jimmy realize these deficiencies in his make-up and set out to master them.

That is why the Jimmy Dorsey you hear today over CBS from New York's Hotel Pennsylvania is a far cry from the confused young man who headed west five years ago to conduct Bing Crosby's radio shows.

Although the band's work on this show attracted attention, a curious development in dance music came up over the horizon and caught Jimmy flat-footed.

Swing music paralyzed the music business. From out of nowhere, young bands sprouted like mushrooms. They didn't play well but they played loud and oozed personality over the airwaves. The public approved.

This rhythmic revolution didn't affect the Crosby show. The sponsors felt there was no place on the programs for swing. As a matter of fact they asked Jimmy to insert four violins in his band.

"We had already lost valuable ground," Jimmy explained, "If we did this, it meant complete oblivion in the swing picture."

Jimmy naturally refused this request and John Scott Trotter replaced him.

The band came east, eager to cash in on the craze, but they met some surprising reversals. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and even his own brother, Tommy, had beaten him to the punch. All Jimmy got was the sympathy of the music trade.

"He's a great musician," they would say, "but he hasn't got the pep."

When an interviewer asked Jimmy at the time, why he acted so disconsolate, he replied wryly, "Oh, it's nothing a commercial can't cure."

The problem naturally vexed his astute manager, Billy Burton. The latter knew that musically the band could hardly be improved upon. It was Dorsey as a personality who needed the interior decorating. One night Billy consulted Mrs. Dorsey, a beautiful, intelligent young woman, who was "Miss Detroit" in a beauty contest before she married Jimmy, and things began to happen.

Jimmy got some long needed lessons in the art of selling a band.

"Don't just lead it," pleaded Mrs. Dorsey, "Live it!"

The ballyhoo machines got busy. Individual soloists like Bobby Byrne and Ray McKinley, two excellent musicians who have since graduated to leading their own bands, were highlighted. More vocal duties were assigned to Bob Eberly and blonde Helen O'Connell.

Jimmy pitched in enthusiastically. He developed a unique effect in which the brass and string bass played in perfect unison, to give the slower ballads an organ-like mood. The copy cats are still busy trying to impersonate this clever style. Although left behind in the swing race, Jimmy was determined not to be placed in a similar predicament once sweet music began to recapture popularity. The band adopted a policy of "contrasting music," mixing the tempos evenly.

Thus, when the band moved into the Hotel New Yorker last year, a new Jimmy Dorsey was revealed. It was just in time, because the band they had succeeded in this spot was headed by a young man he knew quite well—Tommy Dorsey.

When the first nighters gasped as they saw the heretofore reticent Jimmy clowning with the band during the comedy numbers, Manager Burton winked knowingly in the direction of Mrs. Dorsey. Their secret collaboration had produced results.

JIMMY was convinced that his change in form was right after the band played an engagement in Chicago's Hotel Sherman.

When a big band plays a hotel they go into the spot on a guarantee, plus a percentage if the receipts go over a certain figure. The hotel manager naturally sets the figure at the highest gross he believes the attraction can garner. But Jimmy's newly-revived band collected $500 extra weekly in addition to their regular paycheck of $3,500.

Three other young people connected with the band must also receive credit for this amazing reversal of form. Vocalists Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell are two of them. The other is loyal Eddie Perri, the band's man-of-all-jobs.

Bob Eberly was like most ambitious singers. He came to New York, sang on a few amateur programs and failed

(*Continued on page* 80)

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL DAYLIGHT AND E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			CBS: **News**
			NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
			NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
			8:30
			CBS: **Morning Moods**
			NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
	8:00		CBS: **Today in Europe**
	8:00		NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
			9:15
	8:15		NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss**
			9:30
	8:30		CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30		NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **NBC String Quartet**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **March of Games**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Four Belles**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Children's Hour**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Happy Jim Parsons**
			11:05
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
			11:30
	8:00	9:30 10:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
		9:30 10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
		9:30 10:30	NBC-Red: **News**
			11:45
		9:45 10:45	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
			12:00 Noon
	8:00 10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
	8:00 10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **The Story of All of Us**
			12:30 P.M.
	8:30 10:30	11:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
	8:30 10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **On the Job**
			1:00
	9:00 11:00	12:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	9:00 11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
	9:00 11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns**
			1:15
	9:15 11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Vass Fam ly**
			1:30
	9:30 11:30	12:30	CBS: **Democracy in Action**
	9:30 11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Al and Lee Reiser**
	9:30 11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **From Hollywood Today**
			2:00
	10:00 12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
	10:00 12:00	1:00	NBC-Red, CBS, MBS: **Salute to the Americas**
			2:30
	10:30 12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
			3:00
	11:00 1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **I Want a Divorce**
			3:15
	11:15 1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Foreign Policy Assn.**
			3:30
	11:30 1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **H. Leopold Spitalny**
	11:30 1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **News from Europe**
			4:00
	12:00 2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
	12:00 2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Glen Gray**
			4:30
	12:30 2:30	3:30	CBS: **Pursuit of Happiness**
	12:30 2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Ensemble**
	12:30 2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
			5:00
	1:00 3:00	4:00	MBS: **Musical Steelmakers**
			5:15
	1:15 3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Vicente Gomez**
			5:30
	1:30 3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Salon Silhouettes**
	1:30 3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Crossroads**
			6:00
	2:00 4:00	5:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
	2:00 4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
			6:30
	2:30 4:30	5:30	CBS: **Gene Autry**
	2:30 4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Cavalcade of Hits**
	2:30 4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Beat the Band**
			7:00
	3:00 5:00	6:00	CBS: **The World This Week**
	3:00 5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **News from Europe**
	7:30 5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
			7:30
	3:30 5:30	6:30	CBS: **ELLERY QUEEN**
	3:30 5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Concert Orch.**
	3:30 5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
			8:00
	4:00 6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Comedy Hits**
	4:00 6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY**
			8:30
	4:30 6:30	7:30	CBS: **So You Think You Know Music?**
	4:30 6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Music from Hawaii**
	4:30 6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
			9:00
	5:00 7:00	8:00	CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY**
	8:00 7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
	5:00 7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
			9:15
	8:15 7:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
			9:30
	7:15 7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
	5:30 7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
			9:45
	5:45 7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
			10:00
	6:00 8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Goodwill Hour**
	6:00 8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
			10:30
	6:30 8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
	6:30 8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **NBC String Quartet**
			11:00
	7:00 9:00	10:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Ted Cott (left) asks some contestants: "So You Think You Know Music?"

Tune-In Bulletin for April 28, May 5, 12 and 19!

April 28: Biggest news today is that Daylight Saving Time starts. If your community stays on Standard Time, you'll have to get used to hearing your programs ONE HOUR EARLIER. . . . The Adventures of Ellery Queen, that fascinating mystery program, moves to CBS at 7:30 tonight, replacing the Screen Guild Theater. . . . And the Goodwill Hour, with John J. Anthony, moves from the Mutual network to NBC-Blue. Same broadcast time: 10:00 P.M. . . . Carole Lombard is the guest star on the CBS Silver Theater, at 6:00. . . . Rose Bampton sings on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00.

May 5: Carole Lombard stars in the second half of her two-part drama on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. . . . Music-lovers will be sorry because today's broadcast of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, CBS at 3:00, is the last until next fall.

May 12: The last Ford Symphony Hour of the season is on CBS tonight at 9:00.

May 19: Jessica Dragonette stars in the New Ford Summer Hour, starting tonight on CBS at 9:00. Leith Stevens directs the orchestra.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: So you Think You Know Music? which in spite of its high-brow character has surprised everyone by becoming so popular that CBS has moved it into a convenient 8:30 o'clock spot Sunday nights.

On the surface, So You Think You Know Music? is just a quiz program about classical music, with questions like, "Hum the chorale theme from the fourth movement of Brahms' First Symphony." Not much fun, you'd say, for someone who didn't know Brahms' First Symphony from his Fourth, and cared less; but Ted Cott, the master of ceremonies, keeps things moving at such a lively and amusing pace that even non-musical listeners get a lot of fun out of the proceedings.

Ted Cott, a dark young man still in his twenties, originated his program quite by accident and because he was lonely. He was working in a local New York broadcasting station one Fourth of July afternoon. His job was to change the records that were being broadcast, and there was nobody around to talk to. So Ted went out into the reception room and found an actor who had wandered in in search of a job. Then he got the porter and the station engineer, brought all three of them into the studio, and put an informal musical quiz on the air, with questions based on the phonograph records he was playing. Listeners who weren't out celebrating the Glorious Fourth liked the idea so much that 200 enthusiastic letters came in the next day, and So You Think You Know Music? was born, to be moved, a few months later, to the CBS network.

Ted can't play any instrument at all, but musical knowledge has been a hobby of his ever since he used to work, as a boy, in his father's studio and record shop. His other main interest is the stage, and he planned to be an actor himself until luck and radio changed his mind. For a while, when he was in high school, a bad lisp threatened to bar him from the stage, but one of his teachers took him in hand and finally cured him so he could say "Six million, six hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six and sixty-six one-hundredths" without a single lisp.

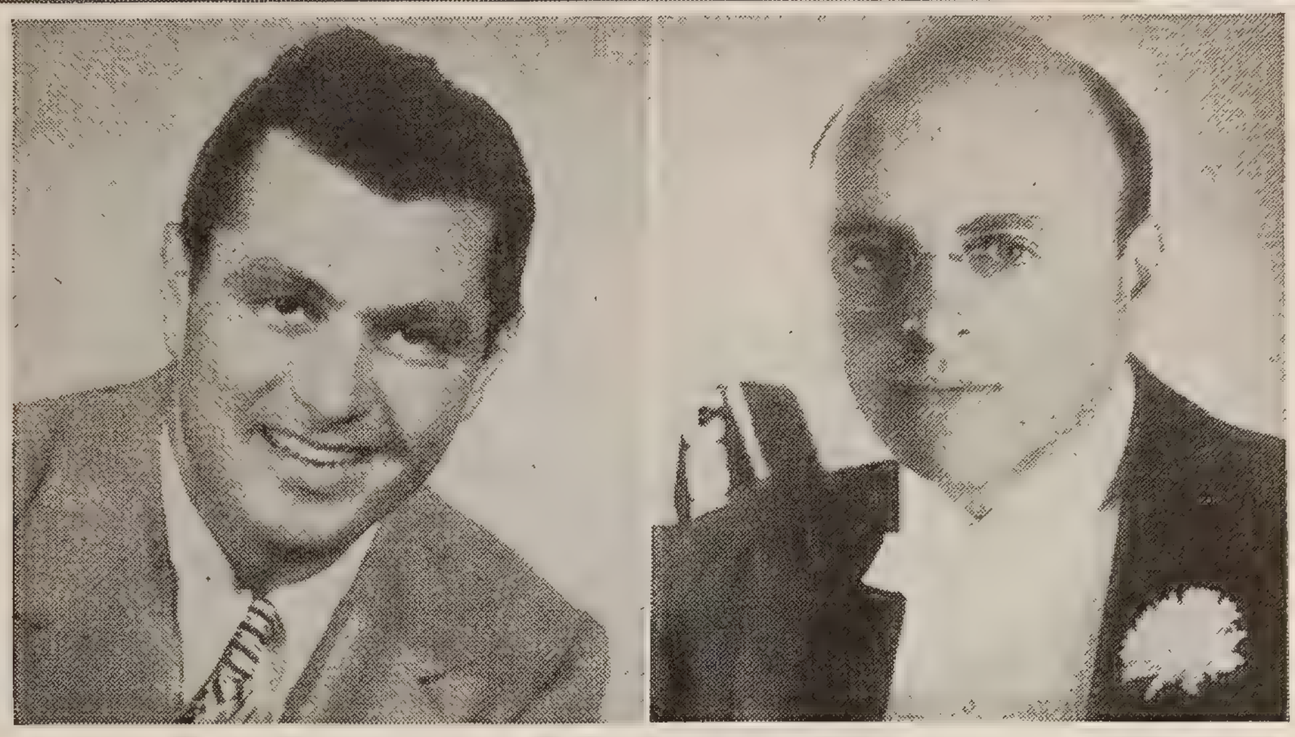
Although he knows a great deal about music, Ted modestly says that some day he hopes to know as much as the people he quizzes, and he won't act as judge on the program. Leonard Liebling, famous New York music critic, holds down that post on each broadcast.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MARVEL MAXWELL—singer and only feminine personality on this evening's Beat the Band program, NBC-Red at 6:30, with Ted Weems' orchestra. Marvel won't be twenty until next August, but already she's had an exciting life. She was nearly burned to death when she was two, barely escaped drowning when she was four, began singing on the air at seven, and became vocalist with a band at sixteen.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:30 A.M.
			NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins**
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
			10:45
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Short Short Story**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Life Begins**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: **Carters of Elm Street**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
			2:15
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Society Girl**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
2:45	4:45	4:45	MBS: **Little Orphan Annie**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			6:00
7:55	10:00	5:00	CBS: **News, Bob Trout**
			6:15
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
			6:30
9:00	5:30	5:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **FRED WARING'S GANG**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
			7:30
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **BLONDIE**
7:30	7:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
6:30	8:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **TUNE-UP TIME**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I.Q.**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ALEC TEMPLETON**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
6:00	8:90	9:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Handsome Tony Martin—and his maestro Andre Kostelanetz.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 29, May 6, 13, and 20!

April 29: There's a brand new program for you to listen to this evening. It's called The Telephone Hour, stars Jimmy Melton and Francia White, with Don Voorhees' orchestra and the Ken Christy chorus, sponsored by the Bell Telephone Co. From 8:00 to 8:30 on NBC-Red. . . . Former President Herbert Hoover speaks tonight at 10:45 over CBS, on the topic, "A Boy's World." . . . P.S. Don't forget that Daylight Saving Time is in effect, and if you're on Standard the shows are an hour earlier.

May 6: Baseball fans in or near New York will have a fine time this spring, because station WABC is broadcasting all home games of the Yankees and Giants. Today's game: Yankees vs. White Sox. . . . Johnny McGee and his orchestra open tonight at the Syracuse Hotel in Syracuse, broadcasting over CBS.

May 13: Have you listened to Paul Sullivan yet? His newscasts have taken the place of H. V. Kaltenborn's on CBS.

May 20: Wonder if any of the broadcasters will remember that today is the anniversary of Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic?

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Tony Martin, singing with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra in Tune-Up Time, sponsored by Ethyl Gasoline, on CBS at 8:00, E.D.S.T. (rebroadcast at 8:00, Pacific Standard Time.)

Maybe you haven't noticed it, but handsome Tony Martin is singing better these days than he ever did in his life. Also, he's reading lines in his role as Tune-Up Time's master of ceremonies with all the ease of a Bing Crosby. The truth is, he's become a really important star.

Most of the credit for his climb from near-obscurity to success goes to Tony himself, of course. He refused to be discouraged when his movie career dwindled down to nothing, but came to New York and started all over again, made personal appearances and got himself his radio job in Tune-Up Time. So far so good. But to Andre Kostelanetz goes the credit for completing the job of building up Tony Martin. Kosty, who knows a good voice when he hears one, made up his mind that Tony could be a better singer than he was, and started in to teach him how. By teasing, persuading, arguing and complimenting, he got Tony to tackle songs he'd always thought were too difficult, and to try to reach notes he'd always thought were too high for his baritone register. Result: a Tony Martin who phrases and modulates his songs beautifully, and who goes into a tenor range now and then without a quiver.

Tony and Kostelanetz are in Hollywood now, broadcasting from there while Tony makes a picture on the Columbia lot, but they'll return to New York late in May, and probably broadcast from there all summer. Kostelanetz and the sponsor both like to have the show come from New York, rather than Hollywood, and now that Tony and his wife, Alice Faye, are being divorced Tony is just as happy in the East as in the West.

Alice and his divorce are the two subjects upon which Tony amiably declines to talk, beyond saying that he's sorry they couldn't make a go of their life together. He's definitely not unhappy about the separation, though, as you'd see in a minute if you watched one of his broadcast rehearsals, where he smiles, jokes with the musicians, and in general gives every evidence of having a light and carefree heart, and a head that hasn't been affected by his success.

In New York, Tony lives in a Central Park hotel, but he doesn't get a chance to spend very much time there. For a while he was singing at a Florida night club, commuting back and forth for his Monday-night programs.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

LENORE KINGSTON—a "ham" and proud of it. She might object to the term as applied to her acting ability, but when you talk about her amateur radio operator's license it's perfectly all right to call her a "ham." Lenore is believed to be the only "y.l." (more radio slang; meaning young lady ham) also engaged in acting; you hear her as Jane Daly in Affairs of Anthony and Jinny in Midstream.

Complete Programs from April 26 to May 23

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E.S.T.	
			8:30 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
			10:45
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Life Begins**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: **Carters of Elm Street**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC: **Mrs. Roosevelt**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
			2:15
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Society Girl**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
2:45	4:45	4:45	MBS: **Little Orphan Annie**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			6:00
7:55	10:00	5:00	CBS: **News, Bob Trout**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:30
9:00	5:30	5:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Yvette**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
			8:00
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: **La Rosa Concert**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **The Aldrich Family**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Court of Missing Heirs**
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Pot O'Gold**
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **We, the People**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Cavalcade of America**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **McGEE AND MOLLY**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
			10:15
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Americans at Work**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ The 1890 debs—Blanche (Brenda) Stewart and Elvia (Cobina) Allman.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 30, May 7, 14, and 21!

April 30: Joe Reichman's orchestra opens at the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel . . . and Charlie Barnet's at the Lincoln in New York. Both are broadcasting over NBC. . . . Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt begins a new show today at 1:15 on NBC.

May 7: Bill McCune's orchestra goes into the Essex House in New York, broadcasting over NBC.

May 14: An orchestra that the wise dance fans say is headed for big things opens tonight at the Glen Island Casino. It's Bobby Byrne's and you can listen on NBC.

May 21: For the latest news of what's happening in the world, and its interpretation, tune in Raymond Gram Swing on your nearest Mutual station tonight at 10:00, E.D.S.T. . . . There are two important orchestra openings tonight—Gene Krupa at the Meadowbrook Inn, over NBC, and Tommy Dorsey at the Hotel Astor, on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Brenda and Cobina, the "1890 debutantes" who are a comedy highlight of Bob Hope's Pepsodent show on NBC-Red tonight at 10:00.

"Brenda" and "Cobina," who were created by accident, have become the comedy sensations of the 1939-1940 radio season, and now they're so popular that if Bob Hope omits them from one week's script he gets a flood of angry letters.

Blanche Stewart plays "Brenda" and Elvia Allman plays "Cobina," and both girls have been actresses in Hollywood radio for a good many years. They were regular members of the Bob Hope cast when the series started last fall. Then, on one of the early programs, Bob fliply answered one of Blanche's questions with "What is it, Brenda?" The audience howled at the satirical comment on the nation's Number One glamor deb, and Bob realized he had a hit. The following week he dubbed Elvia "Cobina" (after Cobina Wright, Jr.) and teamed her in a comedy spot with Blanche. Thus began the adventures of these two spinsters.

Brenda Frazier has remained aloofly silent at the way her name is being taken in vain, but Cobina Wright's mother not long ago is said to have asked her lawyer to request Bob to change "Cobina" to another name.

Blanche Stewart (Brenda) is five feet three inches tall, has brown hair, and has been trouping since she was out of school in Erie, Pa. She sang in the church choir, graduated into stock, and finally went on the road in a vaudeville dance act, Lester and Stewart. An accident ended her dance career and she turned to imitations. Seven years ago Jack Benny, an old friend, added her to his radio cast, and she's been on it, as well as other programs, ever since. Blanche lives alone in a Hollywood hotel, and her one hobby is her dog, Wimpy, a Belgian Papillion.

Elvia Allman (Cobina) is tall and red-haired, and has long since lost the accent of her native state, North Carolina. She entered radio as an arranger of children's programs, then did monologues and popular songs on NBC before Burns and Allen, Hollywood Hotel, and other Hollywood programs claimed her for comedy roles.

Elvia is an expert pianist, a proficient ballet dancer, and can trounce any member of the Hope cast at badminton. She was married to the late C. C. Pyle, well known sports promotor, until his death a year ago. Now she lives in a house at Laguna Beach with her mother. She has sketches to fit every comedy role in her repertoire—as a hobby, she collects caricatures, comic characters and cartoons, and whenever she gets a new assignment she looks through her scrapbooks to find a picture to fit the part. Only then does she try a voice for it.

You'll be seeing as well as hearing Brenda and Cobina soon—they've already signed a contract to appear in Paramount's "A Night at Earl Carroll's."

SAY HELLO TO . . .

DENNIS HOEY—who commands fourteen dialects, sings as well as acts, and plays Mr. Welby in CBS' serial, Pretty Kitty Kelly. English by birth, Dennis really merits the title of "International Actor." His parents were Irish and Russian, he's toured in both England and America, and has gone around the world twice with a cameraman, making movies. He was seventeen when he joined the British Army during the World War, and discovered during a troop entertainment that he could sing. When the war ended, he went on the musical comedy stage. Now he and his wife and their five-year-old son live in New York City.

Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Glamorous Society Actress

Top-Flight Air Hostess

BUT BOTH GIVE THEIR SKIN THIS SAME THOROUGH CARE

Arriving for première at Carthay Circle Theatre

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE: With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE: Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

June dances on off-duty evenings

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVF, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:30 A.M.
			NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins**
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
			10:45
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Short Short Story**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Life Begins**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: **Carters of Elm Street**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Streamline Journal**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
			2:15
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Quilting Bee**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **George Fisher**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Society Girl**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS **By Kathleen Norris**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Ireene Wicker**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
2:45	4:45	4:45	MBS: **Little Orphan Annie**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			6:00
7:55	10:00	5:00	CBS: **News, Bob Trout**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Luther-Layman Singers**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:15
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
			6:30
9:00	5:30	5:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
		5:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
			6:45
	4:45	5:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
			7:30
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
7:30	7:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
7:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Johnny Presents**
5:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Hollywood Playhouse**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **What Would You Have Done**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **FRED ALLEN**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

Mr. Keen and his Miss Ellis: Bennett Kilpack and Florence Malone.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 1, 8, 15 and 22!

May 1: It's May Day, and there will be a big parade in New York, while in some smaller places the school children will decorate May Poles. . . . A special reason for celebrating is that it's Kate Smith's birthday—wonder if she'll mention it on her program at noon, New York time, on CBS?

May 8: For racing fans, NBC broadcasts the Dixie Handicap from Baltimore. . . . Al Donohue's band leaves the Hotel New Yorker tonight—it's been broadcasting from there over Mutual.

May 15: Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge should come from Catalina Island tonight, NBC-Red at 10:00. He and his band are scheduled to open there at the Casino later in the evening.

May 22: For some of the best radio drama—tune in Charles Boyer's Hollywood Playhouse at 8:00 tonight on NBC-Blue. (It's rebroadcast to reach the Coast at 5:30, Pacific Time.)

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, on NBC-Blue at 7:15, sponsored by Bi-So-Dol.

Mr. Keen has been tracing lost persons for well on to three years now, and it's high time you learned something about Mr. Keen himself. He is Bennett Kilpack, who has been acting in radio since the early days of 1927.

Bennett was born in England, and studied to be an electrical engineer. When he graduated from the Finsbury Technical College he came to America. But young British engineers, even with the best of training, weren't in any demand in this country, so Bennett decided he'd put to use some of the work he'd done in college theatricals, and get a job as an actor instead. He was lucky enough to be cast as Cassio in "Othello," was successful in the part, and hasn't given a thought to electrical engineering since.

After trouping with Otis Skinner, William Gillette and Sir Ben Greet, Bennett played the lead in one of radio's first attempts at the dramatic serial, called The Wayside Inn. From there he went on to more radio work, and became an American institution as "Cefus" in the Seth Parker programs.

Bennett has both blighted and helped Bette Davis' career. Several years ago, when he was running his own theater in Ogunquit, Maine, a little blonde girl asked him for a part in the new show. Bennett refused, because the only feminine role was that of an old maid. The girl insisted she could play the part, and begged him to try her out, but he sent her away. It was Bette, of course. . . . But a few years later, when the Seth Parker troupe was in Hollywood, getting ready to make a movie, Bennett met Bette again, and when a girl with a New England accent was needed for the picture he remembered how good hers was, recommended her, and saw her given the part—thus making up for letting her go at Ogunquit.

The only other permanent member of the Mr. Keen cast is Florence Malone, who plays Miss Ellis. She too comes to radio with a long career on the stage behind her; she played featured roles opposite Edmund Lowe, Guy Bates Post, Lowell Sherman, Richard Dix, Tully Marshall, and Walter Connolly.

Florence's greatest passion is travel. As a young woman she made her first trip to New York not because she particularly wanted to see New York, but just for the sake of the trip itself. Until the war, her vacations were always spent in Europe, and she hopes some day to cruise all the way around the world in her own yacht—though so far, she admits, she has neither the time nor the yacht.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JOAN TOMPKINS—Joyce Turner of Young Widder Brown on NBC-Red at 4:45 this afternoon. Joan has been acting since she was sixteen, when she worked for a summer stock company and took her bows with shaking knees. Graduating from stock, she toured in a road company of the stage play, "Pride and Prejudice." One of the actors in the play was Stephen Ker Appleby, and Joan and Stephen were married in 1936. She's been playing Judy since Your Family and Mine first went on the air. Joan's five feet, three inches tall, has blue-gray eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion. Her most prized possessions are friends.

Find your most Becoming Powder Shade now—
and get it in my GRIT-FREE powder!

{GRIT IN YOUR FACE POWDER CAN GIVE YOUR SKIN A HARSH, "POWDERY" LOOK!} says *Lady Esther*

The wrong shade of powder *is* a tragedy—but even the most becoming shade can raise the dickens with your appearance—if that powder contains grit! For powders containing grit can make you look older—can give your skin a harsh, "hard" look.

The "Bite Test" will tell you. You have a laboratory right in your own mouth! Put a bit of your present powder between your teeth! Be sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. Your teeth will tell you if your face powder contains grit.

Lady Esther powder passes the bite test with colors flying. It's GRIT-FREE—so smooth that it clings actually FOUR LONG HOURS. Pat it on after dinner, say at 8, and at midnight it will still be there, flattering you and your skin.

Does a higher price mean a better powder? Don't be deceived! For even expensive powders often contain grit. *Impartial laboratory tests showed many powders costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, and even more, contained up to 20.44% grit!*

But there is no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. Day or evening, when you wear it, no harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your loveliness. For my powder will flatter you through busy hours with never a trace of grit to ruin its smoothness . . . to spoil the perfect blending of your most becoming shade.

Find Your One Luckiest Shade—Here and Now

If you want to look your best at a party, a dinner, or a dance, you must have the right shade of face powder. Why guess, when you *can be certain* as to which is exactly the right shade for you, the becoming shade, the flattering shade!

Find out right now! Write me—and I will send you 10 glorious new shades of my grit-free face powder (including my Champagne Rachel). Try *all* my shades—you'll be amazed to see that my beiges, dark rachels, light rachels, rose tones and my natural are so much more flattering than the equivalent shades of other brands you may have tried.

From this complete range you will surely find the one shade that is made to order for *you*—the one shade that will make you look younger and lovelier! And because my powder is grit-free, it will never give you an ungroomed, "powdery" look! There is no finer, no higher quality powder in the world today—no lovelier shades. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (56)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (Offer limited to one per family.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E.S.T.	
			8:30 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
		8:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
			9:30
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Escorts and Betty**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
			10:45
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Life Begins**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Art of Living**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS **Carters of Elm Steet**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC: **Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
			2:15
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Society Girl**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **CLUB MATINEE**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Ireene Wicker**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
2:45	4:45	4:45	MBS: **Little Orphan Annie**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			6:00
7:55	10:00	5:00	CBS: **News, Bob Trout**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **The Guest Book**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:30
9:00	5:30	5:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
			7:30
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Vox Pop**
			8:00
3:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Ask It Basket**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Americana**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
			8:30
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Strange as it Seems**
8:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Philharmonic**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ William Post and Erin O'Brien-Moore—John Perry and his wife.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 2, 9, 16, and 23!

May 2: Still another birthday to celebrate—Bing Crosby's. And a transcontinental broadcast tonight at his usual time, 10:00, to celebrate it on!

May 9: Larry Clinton and his orchestra open tonight at the Hotel New Yorker, broadcasting on Mutual . . . while Jimmy Joy starts an engagement at the Casino Gardens, Los Angeles, to be heard on NBC. . . . The baseball game in New York today is between the Yankees and the St. Louis Browns.

May 16: A reminder that two exciting mystery dramas are heard one after the other tonight. Mr. District Attorney on NBC-Red at 8:00, and I Love a Mystery on the same network at 8:30.

May 23: It's good to hear the melody of Lanny Ross following the comedy of Amos 'n' Andy on CBS during the half hour between 7:00 and 7:30 tonight. The two programs make a perfect combination.

ON THE AIR TODAY: John's Other Wife, on NBC-Blue at 3:30, sponsored by Old English Floor Wax and Kolynos Tooth Paste—a drama of love and marriage that listeners have been enjoying for nearly four years.

The cast of John's Other Wife is perfect proof of the statement that day in and day out, radio enjoys the services of the best acting talent in the world. Just take a look at:

Erin O'Brien-Moore, who plays Elizabeth Perry. This young lady with the Irish name and ancestry burst into Broadway stardom overnight when she played the leading role in Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize drama, "Street Scene." She appeared in this play in New York, London, Chicago and Los Angeles, and then the movies grabbed her. Now she's left Hollywood, returned to New York, and is devoting herself to John's Other Wife—although she wants to act on the stage if a part she likes comes along. She's red-haired and pretty, and is married to Mark Barron, a newspaper man.

William Post, Jr., who portrays John Perry. He's been on the stage and in the movies—in fact, on the screen he played the masculine lead in the most provocative picture ever made, "The Birth of a Baby." Six feet tall and blue-eyed, he's a graduate of Yale University, and is very athletic, playing handball, and hunting and fishing.

Alexander Kirkland (Curt Lansing) and Myron McCormick (Ray Cuddy). Both are featured players in the movies and on the stage—you can see McCormick now in the remarkable film, "The Fight for Life." (And if you want to see his picture, turn to page 16, where he poses as Paul Sherwood in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne—another of his radio roles.)

And besides these stage and movie people, John's Other Wife has such talented radio specialists as MacDonald Carey (Ridgeway Tearle), Florence Freeman (Dolores Winters), Helene Dumas (Marina Marinoff), Kingsley Colton (Jerry Marvin), Joan Banks (Roberta Lansing), and Vivia Ogden (Grannie).

Of course all these people aren't on each and every instalment of John's Other Wife—but they're the ones you hear when you listen over a period of weeks. And to make the aggregation of talent complete, they are directed in each broadcast by Lester Vail, a former actor himself. Lester was once Erin O'Brien-Moore's leading man in "The Makropoulos Secret" on the stage; like her, he went to Hollywood and movies for a while—and now he's back with her again, only directing her this time instead of acting opposite her. He's given up acting himself almost entirely.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

HORACE BRAHAM—actor, painter and poet, who plays George Harrison in Woman of Courage, on CBS this morning at 9:00. Acting is his profession, and has been since he was a boy, but painting, sculpting, and writing are his hobbies. He is an Englishman, descendant of a long line of actors, and is well known on the Broadway stage. Disliking arguments, he never allows himself to be drawn into one. Instead, he models a caricature of any antagonist in clay, paints and bakes it, and adds it to his "Chamber of Horrors" collection. He's married to Gladys Feldman, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, and they live in New York City.

Take the screen stars' tip—try this ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL *for 30 days*

COSMETIC SKIN: unattractive little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. So don't risk *choked pores*. Use cosmetics all you like, but take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Let ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap protect the beauty of your skin—help keep it smooth, attractive.

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch. So let Hollywood's favorite soap help you keep it that way.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E.S.T.	
			8:30 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
			10:45
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Short Short Story**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Life Begins**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Young Dr. Malone**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **THE GUIDING LIGHT**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: **Carters of Elm Street**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
			2:15
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **George Fisher**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Society Girl**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Bud Barton**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
2:45	4:45	4:45	MBS: **Little Orphan Annie**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			6:00
7:55	10:00	5:00	CBS: **News, Bob Trout**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:15
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
			6:30
9:00	5:30	5:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
			6:45
	4:45	5:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **JOSEF MARAIS**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Al Pearce**
7:30	7:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Yesterday's Children**
			8:00
8:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **This Amazing America**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
			9:00
7:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Home Town**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **What's My Name**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Don Ameche**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Bob Ripley**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Behind the Headlines**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Charlotte Holland and Chester Stratton of Against the Storm.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 26, May 3, 10, and 17!

April 26: The Drake Relay races, one of the year's big athletic events, are being run today, and Ted Husing describes them to you between 3:00 and 5:00, E.S.T., over CBS. . . . The Penn Relays, more of the same, are on both CBS and NBC. . . . The Adventures of Tom Mix, adventure serial for the youngsters, goes off the air after today's broadcast.

May 3: Welcome Al Pearce back to the air tonight, with his whole gang. They start a new series on CBS at 7:30, for Camel Cigarettes . . . Dan Bestor's orchestra opens tonight at the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington—you'll hear him over NBC.

May 10: There ought to be a good fight on tonight over NBC-Blue. Lou Ambers and Lew Jenkins are meeting at Madison Square Garden, and Bill Stern does the announcing. . . . The Story of the Month, NBC-Blue at 10:00 A.M., goes off the air after today's broadcast. . . . Stuff Smith's band opens at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, and you'll hear it over CBS.

May 17: Don Ameche's variety show, with Claire Trevor and Pat Friday, is hitting its stride as one of the week's best. Listen tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Against the Storm, on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Ivory Soap.

If you want to hear a serial without a villain, tune in Against the Storm. A story doesn't have to have a villain or a melodramatic plot to be interesting and even exciting, says Sandra Michael, its author, and she's proving her point with this dramatic program. It took a long time for advertising agency officials and radio experts to agree with her, though.

Against the Storm is the story of ordinary people, and the dramatic events that take place in their minds and souls, rather than in the world around them. None of its characters is either entirely good or entirely bad. They're just human.

Sandra Michael, who writes it, is a pretty young woman who was born in Denmark and came to this country when she was seven years old. She lived in Montana, then Chicago, and while she was in Chicago just finishing school, she got a chance to work for a radio station in Milwaukee. She didn't know a thing about radio—didn't even listen to it much—but she jumped on the train, buying a couple of radio magazines on the theory they might give her the information she lacked. They were full of technical talk about megacycles and kilowatts, and didn't help her a bit, but she got the job and kept it for a year and a a half. Then, in Chicago, she wrote as a radio free-lance, turning out commercial announcements, sketches, anything that she could sell, until she got the job of writing a transcribed program called Party Line. Last summer, a script she submitted impressed an advertising agency so much that they offered her a chance to write a show of her own—which turned out to be Against the Storm. She also writes The Affairs of Anthony, on NBC.

Sandra discovered Charlotte Holland, the young Canadian girl who plays Kathy on the program, and she says Charlotte is a really great actress. Charlotte doesn't agree. When Sandra compliments her on her work, she opens her eyes wide and says, "Why, Miss Michael, *anybody* could play that part!"

Gertrude Warner and Chester Stratton are Christy Cameron and Mark Scott, and Arnold Moss is Philip Cameron—the three other main characters in Against the Storm. There are quite a few secondary characters, and will be more as the program goes along, because Sandra likes to introduce new people and her advertising agency bosses let her do as she pleases because the popularity rating of her show proves she knows what she's doing.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

AUDREY MARSH—who sings on the CBS Johnny Presents program at 9:00 tonight. Audrey's first theatrical job was in the cast of that long-run play, "Abie's Irish Rose," in 1927. Later, playing in "After Dark," she discovered that she could sing; until then she'd thought her voice was too light. A music publisher took her to CBS for an audition, and a singer she's been ever since. She isn't married, but she can cook and claims that with a little practice she'd be an expert in the kitchen—"If the chance ever comes along." Tonight you hear her singing solos both with Johnny Green's orchestra and the Swing Fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller at Home

(*Continued from page* 23)

kitchen of their apartment in Long Island. Here, of an evening, over gallons of coffee, you can have the time of your life. In this kitchen you might swap chatter with anyone from Tommy Dorsey to the next-door neighbor, who works for the gas company. But the main idea would be to relax, take off your shoes, if you like, and feel at home.

This may not sound like the sort of life you've imagined musicians and their wives lead. In fact, Helen Miller has told me that most people seem shocked when they learn that she and Glenn have a home.

WHEN I explain that we've had a home for ten years," she laughed, "and that Glenn has been in it every night, it really amazes them. Most people imagine that Glenn and I travel around the country, living out of a suitcase. That wouldn't work for us, because we've both been brought up to feel that a permanent home is something every married couple should have."

"Whenever we're in a hurry to go somewhere," Helen smiled, "Glenn pitches in and helps me with just about everything. There's only one thing I can't get him to do," she laughed. "He refuses to do dishes."

Before Glenn got a band of his own, most of his work was in New York. He was then a top-flight arranger and builder of bands for other musicians. The Millers didn't travel so much then, but whenever they did, Helen always went along with Glenn and set up a temporary home. Her big problem was to find a place with a kitchen as large as the one in their Jackson Heights home.

"Our kitchens," she explained, "have always been a meeting place for Glenn and his friends. He likes to feel that he always has a place where he and his friends can come to relax and talk over business. Glenn knows that I'm never annoyed when he brings his friends home, no matter what time of day or night it may be. I've always been as interested in their problems and discussions as he has."

People like Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman are not celebrities to Helen. They are old friends. She and Glenn have grown up in the music business with them. They've helped make it the exciting, interesting profession it is. And being a part of this has always been fascinating to Helen. Where most wives consider their husband's business a necessary bore, Helen has grown to love her husband's work. Glenn has always wanted Helen to be as much in the thick of it as he is.

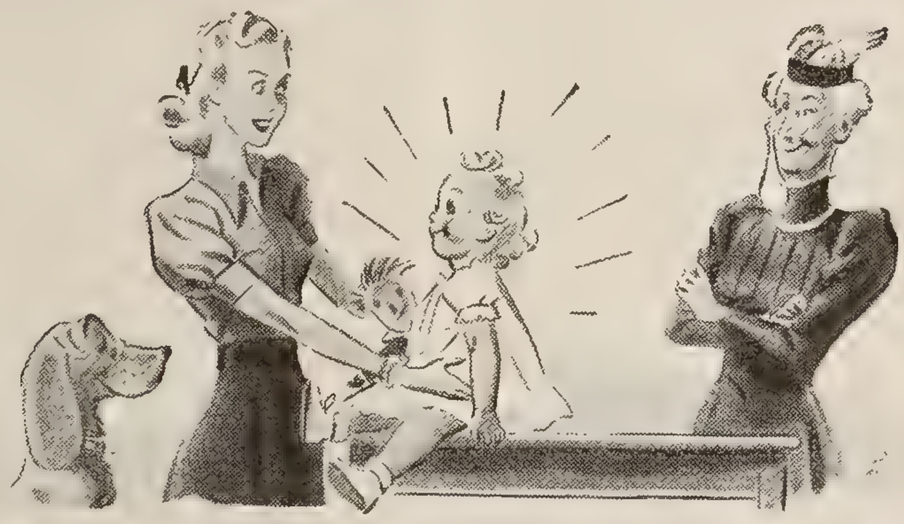
"Whenever Glenn gets an idea for the band," she said, "he always comes to me and asks me what I think of it. I tell him my reactions and then we talk it all over."

The Millers are together much more than the average couple. Their breakfasts are practically a ritual. Helen and Glenn start having breakfast at noon and it is invariably several hours later before the last cup

(*Continued on page* 53)

Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you're in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!

Don't get mad—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply *can't* budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer's and switch to the soap that doesn't give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips!



Then parade the baby in style! And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha*, working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean *all the way through.* So sunny-white and sweet—it's a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"!

"Use the *golden* bar for all bar-soap jobs. It's just the best ever! Use the *golden* chips wherever you use box-soap. They're HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And now they've got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines."

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PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			CBS: **Today in Europe**
			NBC-Red: **News**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
			NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-Tete**
			8:25
			CBS: **Odd Side of the News**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:45
			NBC-Blue: **Harvey and Dell**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
		8:05	NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Old Vienna**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Watch Your Step**
			9:45
		8:45	NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Al and Lee Reiser**
8:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
			10:15
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Rakov Orchestra**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hill Billy Champions**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Charioteers**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Betty Moore**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Young People's Concert**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Murphy Orch.**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Gallicchio's Orch.**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Country Journal**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Education Forum**
			12:30 P.M.
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **FARM BUREAU**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Luncheon at the Waldorf**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Lani McIntyre Orch.**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Music Styled for You**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Del Brissett Orch.**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Bull Session**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Campus Capers**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **The Human Adventure**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Magic Waves**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Teddy Powell Orch.**
			6:00
7:55	10:00	5:00	CBS: **News, Bob Trout**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
			6:05
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: **Albert Warner**
2:05	4:05	5:05	NBC-Blue: **Reggie Childs Orch.**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Which Way to Lasting Peace**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
			6:45
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Today in Europe**
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: **Southwestern Serenade**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Art for Your Sake**
			7:30
7:00	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Sky Blazers**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Benny Goodman Orch.**
			8:00
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Gang Busters**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Glen Gray Orch.**
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King's Orch.**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild**
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
			9:30
	7:30	8:39	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
			9:45
5:45	7:45	8:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **NBC SYMPHONY**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Crosby**
			10:15
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Gay Nineties Revue**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Col. Roscoe Turner (right) takes his writers for a sky ride.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 27, May 4, 11, and 18!

April 27: Again the Penn and Drake relay races are on the air—the Drake on CBS, the Penn on both CBS and NBC. . . . There's an amusing program heard on CBS stations in New York, Hartford, Providence and Worcester at 9:45 tonight. It's called Truth and Consequences, and why it isn't extended to the network is a mystery.

May 4: The biggest of all annual sports events—the Kentucky Derby—is on the air today. Ted Husing does the honors over CBS. . . . Arturo Toscanini conducts the last of his concerts over NBC-Blue at 10:00 tonight.

May 11: Amid lots of excitement, the New York World's Fair opens today for its second year, under a new and much more economical policy. All the networks will be in on the opening ceremonies. . . . NBC brings you the Preakness Stakes, horse race.

May 18: Here's a list of sports events for you: The Big Ten track meet, being held in Evanston, Ill., and broadcast over CBS. . . . The Heptagonal Games track meet in Philadelphia, heard on NBC. . . . The King's Plate horse race in Ontario, also on NBC. . . . The Giants playing the Chicago Cubs in New York, broadcast on station WABC. . . . And one departing program, Smilin' Ed McConnell, leaving the air after today's NBC-Red broadcast at 11:15.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Sky Blazers, starring Col. Roscoe Turner, on CBS at 7:30, E.D.S.T., with a rebroadcast to the West Coast at 7:00, Pacific Standard Time; sponsored by Wonder Bread.

One of America's most colorful personalities talks to you tonight when Col. Roscoe tells about aviation exploits.

Before the World War came along to show him what he wanted to do with his life, Roscoe Turner had packed a lot of drifting around into twenty-one short years. He was born on a farm near Corinth, Miss., in September, 1895, and his father expected him to become a farmer. But Roscoe didn't enjoy tilling the soil or raising cows and chickens; so, barely out of school, he left the farm and began clerking in a hardware store. He didn't like that job either, and here is the list of his subsequent activities: managing a lumber yard, working in a wholesale grocery house as shipping clerk, driving an ice truck, working for the American Express as a transfer man, helping a mechanic, driving a taxicab, and selling shoes. None of them was the sort of job he wanted, and it was a relief when he could enlist in the Army and go to France.

He was soon promoted and assigned to the Air Service, and served ten months overseas as an observer. Many a time he had to bail out from his balloon when enemy aircraft sighted him. But he loved the air, and when the war was over he determined to be a professional aviator.

It would take up too much room to list all the trophies he has won, and the speed records he has broken. There are enough of them to make him famous all over the world. Now he runs his own flying school in Indianapolis, commuting by plane every Friday night to New York and usually returning the same way as soon as his Saturday broadcast is finished. He doesn't write the program; that is done by the two young men shown with him in the picture above, Gene Wang and Phil Barber. The picture was taken at the New York airport, where Roscoe took the two writers for a flight. They'd never been up in the air before!

Col. Roscoe (the "Col." is practically a courtesy title, given him by the Governors of Nevada and California. In the Army, he's a second lieutenant) loves all sorts of uniforms and medals, and seldom appears in civilian clothes. He owns a pet lion, seven years old and weighing 700 pounds, named Gilmer, in honor of the Gilmore Oil Company, for whom Turner was working when he acquired the animal.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MILDRED BAILEY—who sings some pretty special songs on Bob Crosby's Camel Caravan tonight on NBC-Red. Mildred was born in Washington State—Bing and Bob Crosby were childhood neighbors—and has Indian blood in her veins. As a girl she used to join occasionally in the rites of the Coeur d'Alene tribe. Tonight you'll hear her singing with a musical background that's unusual for swing—flute, oboe, clarinet, bass clarinet, trumpet and hot rhythm section—Mildred's own idea. Next November she plans a recital in New York's Town Hall, singing a number called Concerto for Mildred Bailey and Orchestra.

(*Continued from page* 51)

of coffee has been downed. At breakfast, they talk over the problems of the band business, play records, and, as Helen puts it, "just relax and have fun."

While Glenn can't always go everywhere with Helen, when he is free he'll rarely go anywhere without her. And no matter where he goes, his friends always have a large welcome sign out for her. To musicians, she is a pal, not only because they like and admire her as a person, but because she speaks their language.

"Being with musicians is the most fun I know," Helen said. "Something exciting and interesting is always happening. Most of them have a swell sense of humor. When I first began to know them, lots of the things they said went right over my head. Their humor is sort of dry and extremely subtle. They don't laugh at the things other people do. When friends who aren't in the business visit us, they're sometimes very puzzled when Glenn and I begin to laugh at something that doesn't seem at all funny to them."

NOW and then, Helen will lapse into musicians' terminology. Just for example, a musician is never "tired out"; he is "really beat." A musician never speaks of anyone as "dying of laughter;" instead, the person is "knocking himself out." It is a bizarre language and it must certainly seem odd to strangers when they hear the quiet, refined, sweet-faced Helen talking musicians' lingo. Almost as odd as when they hear the professorial-looking Mr. Miller jokingly tell a friend to "get lost," which in his language is the equivalent of our "scram."

"Glenn is like most musicians in that he doesn't like to plan anything," she told me. "He'll decide to go some place at the last moment, and off we go before I even have a chance to change my dress or powder my nose. Maybe most girls wouldn't like this spur-of-the-moment life," she smiled, "but I've lived it so long that I'm afraid I'd get bored if I knew what I was going to be doing three nights from now. I may be wrong, but it always seems to me that people have more fun when they don't plan things."

She told me about the time, a few weeks back, when she and Glenn were sitting around with some of the boys and one of them said, "You've got a few days off, why don't you go to Atlantic City?"

"I guess I will," Glenn said. "Come on, Helen."

Helen said, "Okay." They tossed a few things into a grip and went to Atlantic City, where they had a wonderful time.

"We didn't do anything special," Helen said. "Just whatever we felt like doing at the minute. Glenn took a fancy to Bingo," she laughed, "and every night we would rush out to a Bingo Palace and play until it closed."

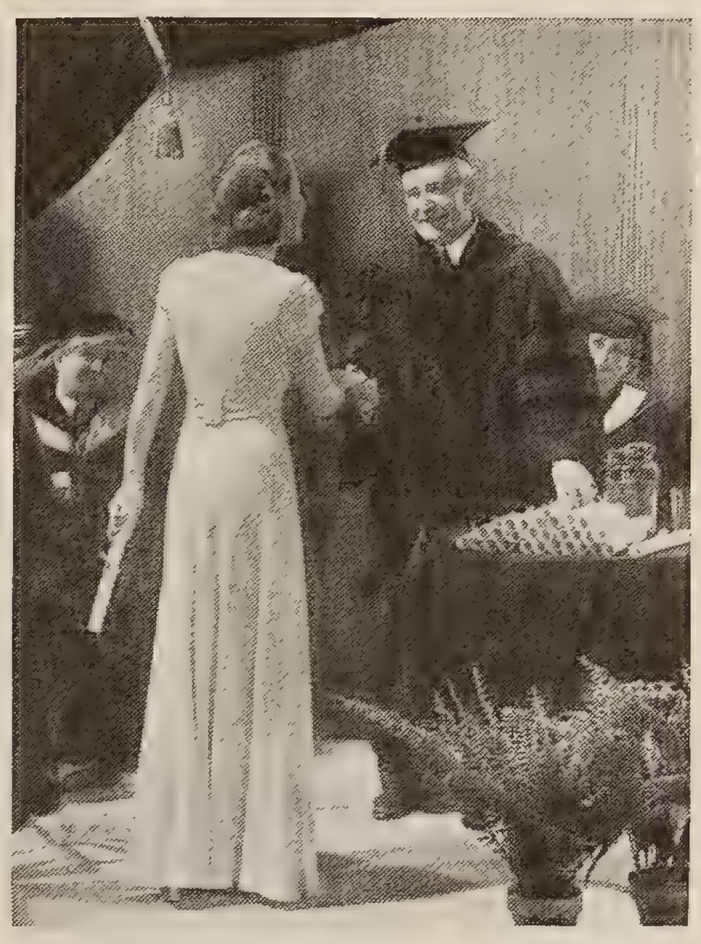
Before Glenn got his own band, the Millers were "at home" much more than they are now. They miss the time they used to be able to devote to their favorite pastime, double solitaire. This was played on the kitchen table and Helen describes it as the maddest fun she knows.

"Glenn is a whizz at it," Helen said, "and usually he beats me." She looked around to see whether Glenn was listening. "But you should hear him fuss when I win," she whispered.

"My Mother was a Flapper!"

But her daughter is a "glamour girl"! Not for her those big, flapping galoshes . . . and shapeless dresses of 1920! Modern girls like streamlined, figure-fitting things . . .

Which is why more women buy Kotex sanitary napkins today than all other brands put together! Made in soft *folds* (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad) Kotex fits better . . . is *less bulky* . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers! No wonder Kotex is the most popular napkin made!



A real achievement! An improved moisture-resistant material (newly developed by the Kotex laboratories) is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad... to give you extra protection.

And with this extra protection goes the blessed knowledge that Kotex ends are invisible! Flat, form-fitting ends (patented by Kotex) never make tell-tale outlines... never reveal your secret . . . the way "stubby-end" napkins do!

Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super*—*Regular*—*Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

Try all 3 sizes and learn what real comfort means! All 3 have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

Feel its new softness . . . Prove its new safety . . . Compare its new flatter ends

IT'S THRIFTY to get this 30-napkin box. More convenient, too!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BILL NEVER GOT HIS HAT OFF!

1. "Don't take your hat off, William!" commands Mrs. Todd. "The kitchen drain is clogged—the sink's a mess—we're eating *out!*"

2. "That drain plugged again?" frowns Bill. "*This* time, I know what to do! A fellow at the office said 'Get Drāno!'—and I *will!*"

3. Down the drain goes Drāno. It gets down deep—*digs out* the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain *thoroughly!*

4. "No drain is going to put *us* out again!" grins Bill. "Just use a teaspoonful of Drāno every night—to *keep* the drain clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

HOW TO KEEP BABY WELL— The U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington. Send 10 cents, wrapping coins or stamps safely, to

Readers' Service Bureau, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, Dept. IF-1, New York, N. Y.

TORRID TEST *in the* TROPICS

TEMPERATURE 98°

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Again, Yodora proves its power to protect in difficult conditions! A nurse supervised this gruelling test, in the Caribbean tropics . . . Under her direction, Miss M. K. applied Yodora. Then played deck tennis for three hours in the blazing sun! Result . . . not a hint of underarm odor! Though amazingly efficient, Yodora seems as gentle and silky as your face cream. It is soft, non-greasy. Yodora leaves no sickly smell to taint your clothing. Will not harm fabrics. 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

"Musicians are supposed to be temperamental, but that's the only temperament I've ever seen in Glenn."

The most important fixture in the Miller home is the ice box. Mrs. Miller explained that Glenn has trouble sleeping unless he can rifle an ice box just before going to bed. "Sometimes he doesn't eat anything," she said. "He just opens the ice-box door and stares inside, but this seems to be very soothing to him."

One of the questions people always ask me about band leaders' wives is how they stand the hours their husbands keep. Helen pointed out that Glenn's hours were her hours and that they are not at all unattractive.

"Like most girls," she said, "I still enjoy going to nice places. And the places Glenn plays are usually lots of fun. If Glenn is busy, talking to people in the room, there is always someone in the music business to sit and chat with me. If not, I can always go to the movies and join Glenn when he's through playing. Glenn's hours have never bothered me in the least. In fact, there's seldom been a dull moment."

THE wife who is jealous of her husband's secretary would probably turn green-eyed if her husband were a band leader, surrounded by lovely young girls gazing at him with adoring eyes. This doesn't bother Helen Miller in the least.

"I don't see how any band leader's wife could be jealous of something that's part of her husband's business," she said practically. "Besides, I know just how these girls feel when they crowd around the bandstand, looking at the musicians with all that awe in their eyes. When I was going to college," she confessed with a shy laugh, "I felt the same way. I used to sigh and think they couldn't possibly be real. I even used to wonder whether such wonderful creatures ate like other people. It's very natural and young and there isn't a speck of harm in any of them.

"Glenn likes all these boys and girls and I'd feel terrible if he didn't treat them as nicely as he does. If any of the girls have a crush on him," she smiled, "I really don't blame them a bit. When I think of how I used to feel about musicians, I just can't be jealous. Besides, now, I realize that it was more admiration for their music than anything else."

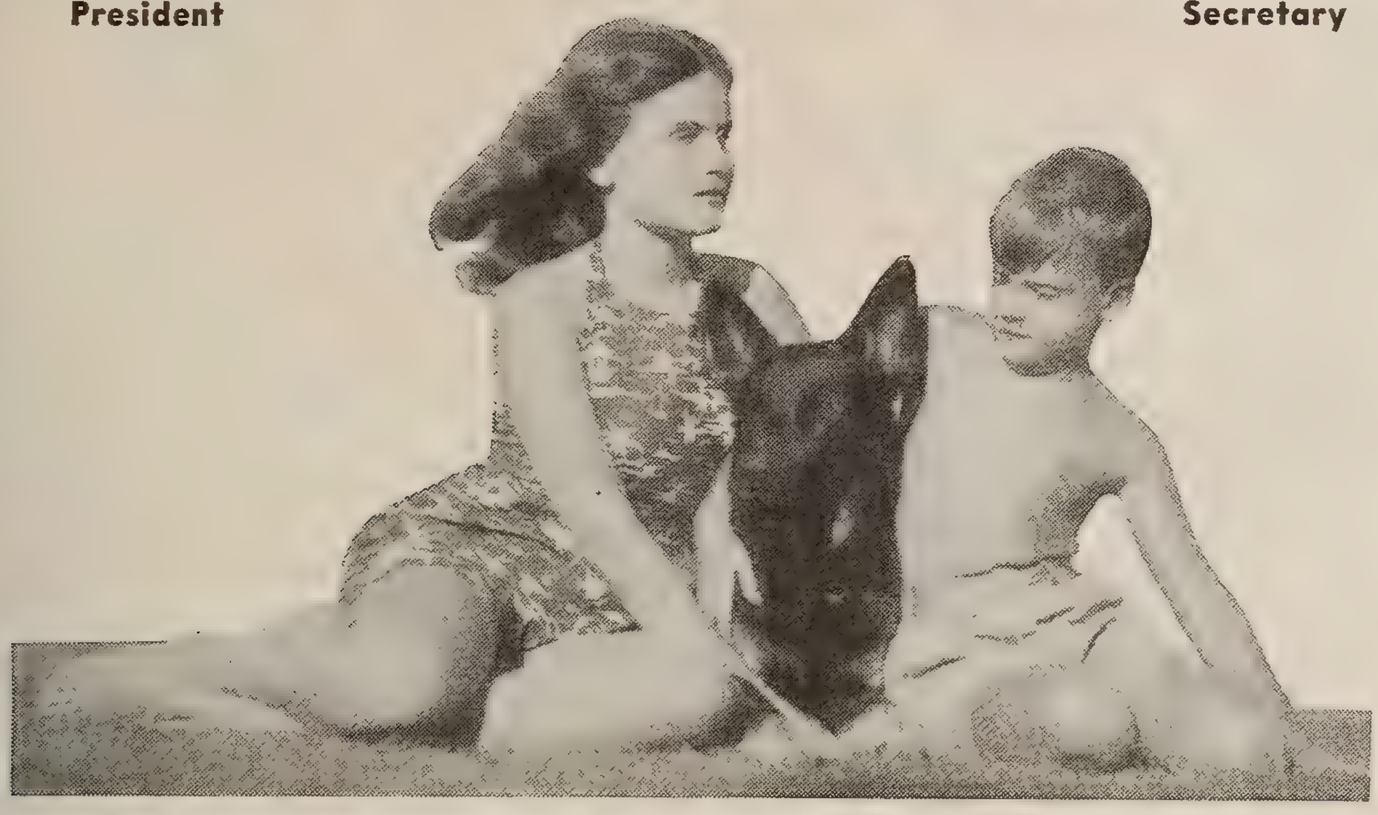
This understanding and trust is just one of the reasons the Millers have been happily married for the past eleven years. In Helen's opinion, a man's profession has very little to do with the sort of husband he is. "I knew Glenn would be a fine husband because he's essentially a fine person," she said. "It never entered my mind that being in the band business would make any difference. And it hasn't."

The truth about the Millers is that they are not only two people who understand and love each other, but that they are inherently good, sensible, down-to-earth, Middle Westerners and have never wanted to be anything else. I once heard a friend of Glenn's say, "Success will never take the Iowa out of Glenn Miller." He said it with satisfaction and pride. The same simple praise could be made of his wife, Helen. As in any business, there may be phoney, undependable, unbalanced people in the band business, but these people would never feel "at home" with the Millers.

The Junior Club

Patricia Carrington
President

Bobby Carrington
Secretary



■ Radio Mirror appoints the lovely children of Elaine Sterne Carrington, famous radio writer, to conduct this new club.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

First we want to tell you something about ourselves. We are Patricia and Robert Carrington, aged fifteen and ten, respectively, and the editors of our own magazine, "The Jolly Roger."

We are proud to have been chosen to manage the Junior Radio Mirror Club, and will try our best to make it a success.

But it is up to you, too, to make this club successful, for the purpose of it is to have your opinions of your programs. As it is you who listen to them, we believe it is you who ought to have the most to say about them.

We have decided to organize, here and now, a Junior Radio Mirror Club, open to anyone eighteen or under. If you want to join, all you have to do is write to us and we'll send you a membership card. Only members of the Junior Radio Mirror Club can have a voice in this column.

What we want you to do, to get things started, is to write a letter to The Junior Club, c/o Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, not later than May 27th.

Write about anything in radio that interests you. For the most interesting letter received, we will pay two dollars; for the second most interesting, one dollar; and we will print them both. Please make a note that all letters you send in become the property of this magazine, so do not expect them to be returned.

We want all kinds of letters. What is your favorite program? Who is your favorite star? What boners have you caught recently? (For instance, the other night an announcer pronounced the word Illinois as if it were spelled Illinoise.)

And wouldn't it be fun if we could organize a new Joke of the Month section? . . . where everybody sends in the best joke he or she has heard on the radio, together with the name of the program. Let's try to get that started right away. The person sending in the funniest joke would receive a Junior Radio Mirror Club award.

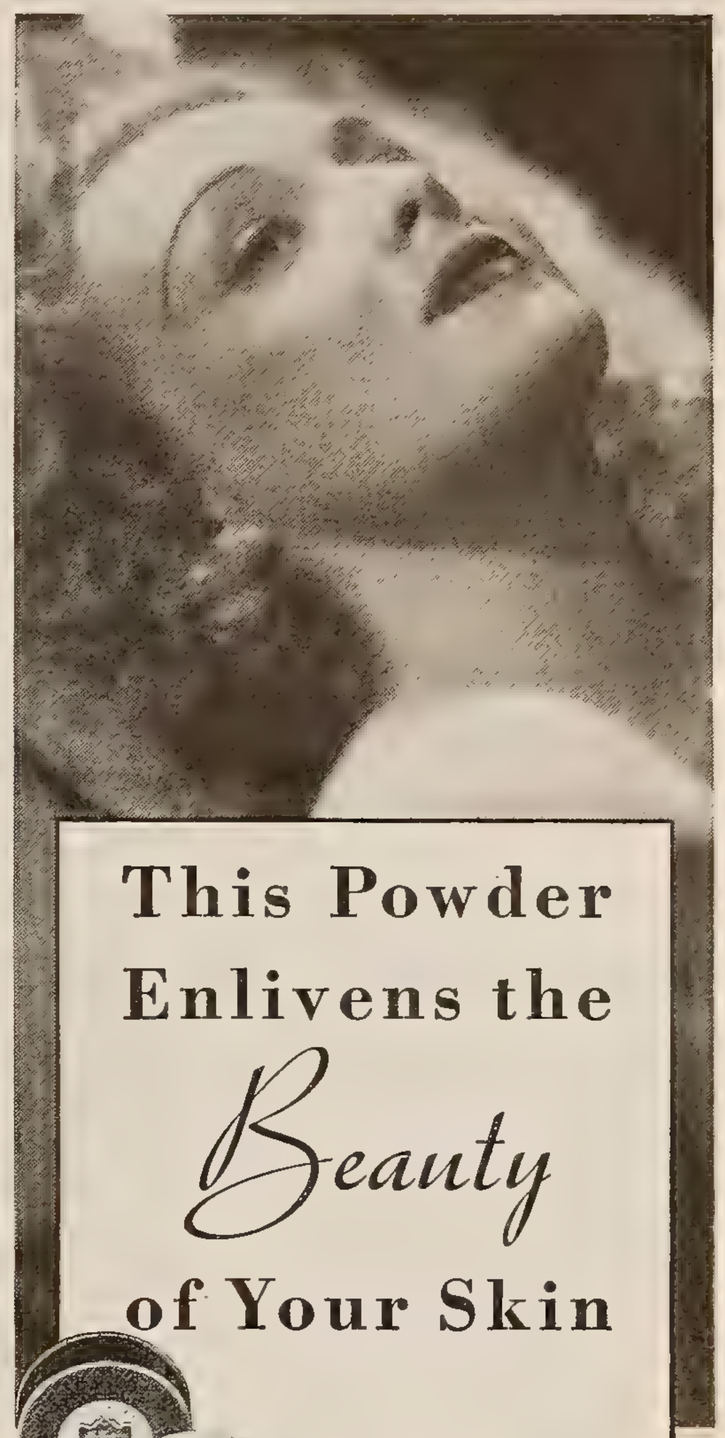
Also, we want to get you to play a swell radio game with us. We're going to call it the New Word of the Month. It's an easy game to play and it's a fine way to make your parents glad you listen to the radio. Perhaps they'll even get you that little radio of your own that you can keep in your room when you tell them about it. The next time you tune in a program, listen carefully for some new word you've never heard or one that you don't know the meaning of. Write it down, look it up in the dictionary, then send the word and its meaning in to us. The best words sent us during the month will be published in this column.

Remember, it's up to all of us who want a Junior Club page, to make this a success. So let's get together and show what we can do!

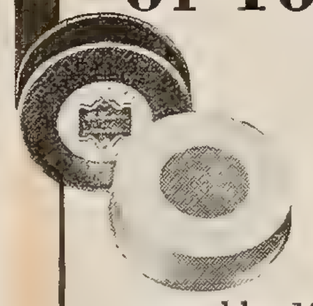
Sincerely yours,
PATRICIA and
ROBERT CARRINGTON

■ **Boys and Girls—here's your chance to have your say in the world of radio. All you have to do is join our Junior Club by writing a letter. Get busy right now!**

MADELEINE CARROLL in Paramount's "SAFARI"



This Powder Enlivens the *Beauty* of Your Skin

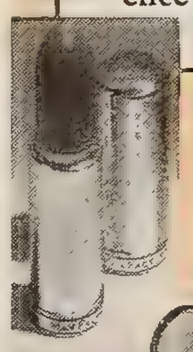


IF your skin seems to look dull and lifeless at times, try this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

First, there's a color harmony shade just for your type that will impart the look of lovely youthful beauty to your skin.

Second, the texture is so fine that your make-up will be satin-smooth, clinging and lasting.

You'll be surprised what a difference it will make...$1.00



TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK.. Created by *Max Factor Hollywood.* Has four amazing features. 1. *Lifelike red of your lips.* 2. *Non-drying, but indelible.* 3. *Safe for sensitive lips.* 4. *Eliminates lipstick line.* Color harmony shades..$1

ROUGE... There's a color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge that is created for your complexion colorings...50¢

Max Factor
★HOLLYWOOD

★ *Mail for* POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK *in Your* COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "THE NEW ART OF MAKE-UP"... FREE. 25-6-59

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(NOT GOOD IN CANADA)

One Man's Family

(*Continued from page 29*)

He was forced to change his tone. He tried to like Johnny and invited them to live with the Barbours at Sea Cliff while their home was being built.

Johnny and Claudia quarreled from the beginning; not that they were unsuited to each other, but because, as both agreed, a newly-married couple could not happily live with the bride's parents.

At the end of the fourth month, Johnny decided the marriage was hopeless. He walked out of the Barbour home one morning while the family slept, and left a note for Claudia.

Weeks went by with no word from him. Seemingly, he had vanished from the face of the earth, and Claudia did not attempt to conceal her grief.

THE Barbour family was at loss to explain why Claudia grieved for a husband who had quarreled with her so violently, but one day she fell down the stairs, and then they knew the answer.

She had been expecting Johnny's baby. She was rushed to the hospital where she lost the child.

After a year had gone by with no word from Johnny, Claudia decided on a divorce.

But before the papers were filed, Johnny's father telephoned Claudia one night. Johnny had been shot in a revolution in China. He was gravely wounded. "We are leaving for China tomorrow," said Johnny's mother.

"I'll go with you," Claudia said.

Her presence at his bedside pulled Johnny through. And now that he was convalescing, and the house next door to the Barbours was finished but unoccupied, he would return to San Francisco with her and the marriage was going to be given another trial. Claudia was in love with Johnny and she had no fears of the marriage ever crashing again.

As they were preparing to leave China, Johnny fell ill. Three days later, he died of pneumonia.

Claudia returned to San Francisco, again expecting Johnny's baby.

Johnny's mother, meanwhile, was dying. She was kept alive by a strong will to see her first grandchild. Knowing that an early death was inevitable, she fought to live until the baby arrived.

The night Claudia went to the hospital, it was doubtful if Johnny's mother would live through the few hours remaining before the child's arrival. The baby was born sometime between midnight and dawn and Johnny's mother was alive to hear the news.

The baby was named Joan, now five years old.

Johnny's mother died shortly after Joan's arrival. She left her large personal fortune to Claudia and Joan, giving them financial independence for the rest of their lives.

Father Barbour suggested that the money be placed in a trust fund away from all sudden urges to spend it unwisely.

Claudia objected. She wanted the money where she could lay hands on it on short notice if she ever needed it.

To escape the new crisis, and to offer an outlet for her restlessness, she left Joan with the family and went to Europe with Beth Holly, a girl who had just been introduced to the family by Cliff. The Barbours did not consider Beth above reproach and the fact that Claudia had chosen her as a traveling companion was not looked upon with favor.

Aboard ship, she met a wounded British army officer returning home from service for his Majesty's Government in India. He was a handsome soldier, excellent company, and from a fine English family, but to Claudia, no more than that.

She visited his home in Devonshire, allowed him to show her around Europe, and after a time, it was pretty obvious that he was in love with her.

Before the end of the year, the Britisher, Captain Nicholas Lacey, made it a point to be in San Francisco, and he was not on his way to India. He had crossed the Atlantic and the North American continent with one purpose in mind—to ask Claudia to marry him.

Instinctively, the Barbour family liked Nickey Lacey, and Claudia agreed, with reluctance, to marry him.

After the marriage, Nickey wanted a son. Here Claudia's intrinsic rebellion came into the open again. She did not want another child. Joan, she said, should be enough.

But Joan, reasoned Nickey, was a child of another marriage, and he did not want a daughter, but a son.

By this time, Claudia had discovered trips to England as an easy way of avoiding a crisis. In the midst of the disagreement, she went to London, despite family protests.

Gossip columns soon were linking her, in situations the family considered disturbing and ominous, with a man in London.

Claudia, as well as the family and Nickey, found the notoriety distasteful. She came home in a great hurry, fearful of a scandal, and of losing Nickey.

SHE told Nickey the affair was innocent, and that she wanted to explain. Nickey said he was not interested. He implied that he trusted her.

Claudia had experienced the first fright of her life. Now she was even willing to give Nickey a son. When the child came, however, it was not a son, It was Penelope.

Nickey was disappointed, but in April of this year, the son arrived. The Barbours look on Nickey as a son and a brother. After his marriage to Claudia, he bought Sky Ranch near San Francisco. He raises thoroughbred horses. Sky Ranch is the favorite retreat of the entire Barbour family.

Nickey was persuaded after some years to enter Father Barbour's stock and bond business. He has proven himself a valuable addition to the bond company.

He is as happy as any man can be while married to Claudia. Naturally, from Nickey's standpoint, the marriage is clouded by a constant fear. He realizes that even tonight Claudia might hear drums of unrest sounding in her breast. And if she does, she'll march up another gangplank.

The O'Neills

(*Continued from page* 11)

her father thought enough of him to place him in such a responsible position. But a girl can't spend lonely evenings being proud of her sweetheart. She wants him to be with her. She wants all those little attentions the one man can shower on the one woman—flowers, phone calls, presents, and, most of all, fun with him, even if it's only the fun of the local movie and, afterwards, an ice cream soda.

This is what Eileen had to make clear to Danny that night three weeks later when, after her telephone protestations, he managed to get a free evening to come to see her.

SHE had dressed carefully, in her newest dress, the green one that matched her eyes, and when she stepped gracefully into the living room where she had kept Danny waiting fifteen minutes, she was pleased with the effect of her entrance.

"Honey, you're beautiful!" Danny said, and held out his arms to her.

But she did not go to him. Instead she drew him down beside her on the sofa.

"Thank you, Danny," she said sweetly. "But first, I want to talk to you."

"But don't I get a kiss?"

She smiled and made a little gesture of annoyance.

"If you want to kiss me so bad, I should think you'd come around a little oftener!"

"But, Eileen," Danny explained, "we have a lot to do out there on the bridge! Especially since all that patent trouble with Wilkinson slowed everything up. We've only got a month to finish up, under the contract. I can't let your Dad down now."

"Well, it seems to me . . ."

"I'm not the only one. All the men are working extra shifts. Why, Mr. Collins hardly ever gets a chance to see his own kids. He's with me on the bridge day and night."

"That's not the same thing. Mr. Collins isn't just engaged. You are." She turned away crossly.

"Gee, honey, you're even pretty when you're mad," said Danny, trying to pull her to him.

"Well, if I'm so pretty, why don't you come around and look at me once in a while?"

She was going to be difficult. Danny began to see that. Well, he supposed women were like that. They liked attention, and he couldn't exactly blame Eileen. He must try to make her see his point of view.

"Look, Eileen. To me that bridge is something important—something big. Maybe being engaged to me is like being engaged to a doctor. He has to take care of his patients even if they get sick in the middle of the night. That bridge is like a person to me, Eileen—a sick person that I have to make whole and well and useful. Just to see it rising up there against the sky. . . ."

Danny's eyes lit up as he talked. He couldn't explain it very well in words, but his face showed what he was feeling. Eileen watched him; slow resentment because she was not part of that dream rose to anger in her heart.

"I see," she said coldly, taking away

"**Dusk Rose** is a Divine New Shade! So Flattering!"

—says Lovely Southern Deb, Miss Nancy Calhoun

Hard, Shiny
A pale powder and harsh sunlight mean hard, ugly shadows even for lovely Miss Nancy Calhoun

Soft, Romantic
Dusk Rose keeps Nancy exquisite even under harsh electric lights or brilliant sun

DUSK ROSE . . . exciting new summer shade in Pond's "anti-shine" Powders . . . reflects a softer light

ATTRACTIVE NANCY CALHOUN finds that with Dusk Rose her face is even more bewitching than ever. And on hot summer days when she rushes around having fun from morning to long past midnight, she looks as lovely as a summer rose.

That's because the strong summer sun or the glaring electric lights can't cast hard shadows on her face. Dusk Rose . . . and all Pond's "anti-shine" Powders . . . absorb harsh lights and reflect the softer ones from your face. They make powdering a far less frequent job!

Let Dusk Rose make you as romantic and bewitching as this Southern belle.

Pond's "anti-shine" Powders come in 7 lovely shades in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes. Go out and buy one now!

Or write for free samples of the special summer shades: lovely Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette, Sunlight . . . and the newest, smartest shade of all, Dusk Rose. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PF, Clinton, Conn.

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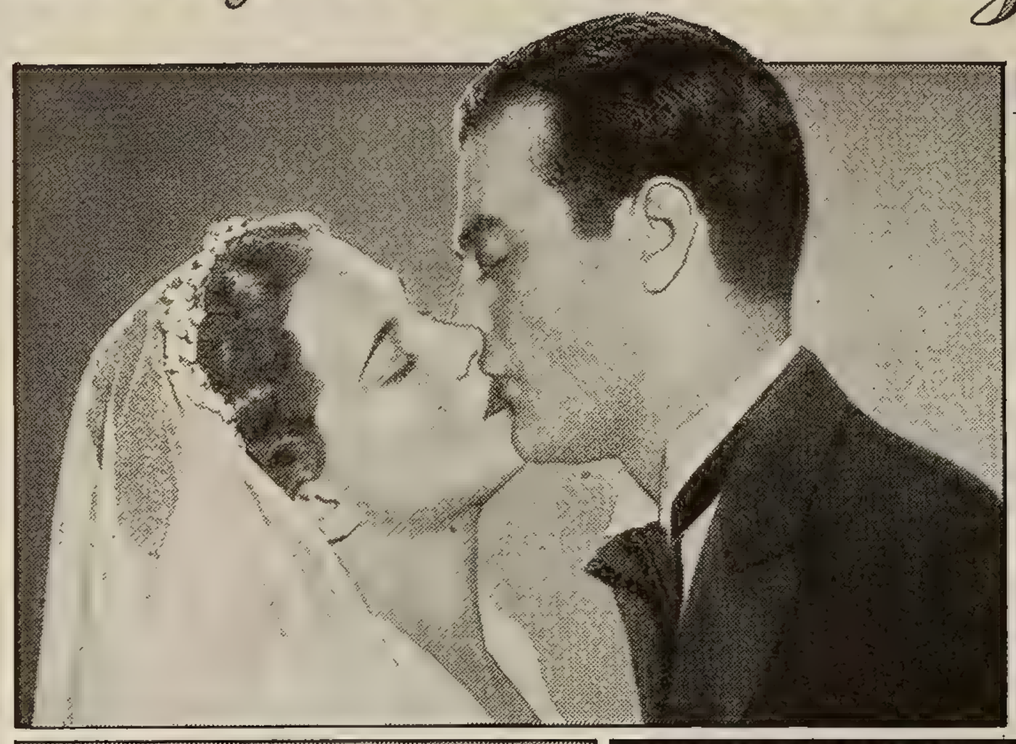
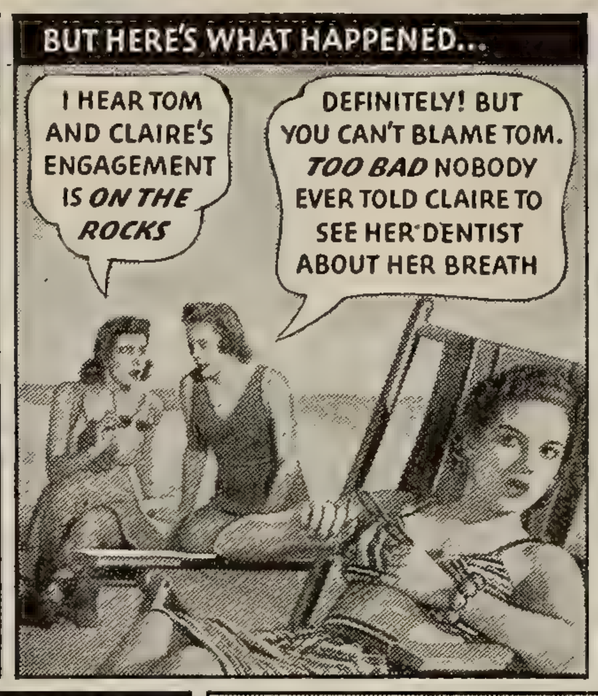
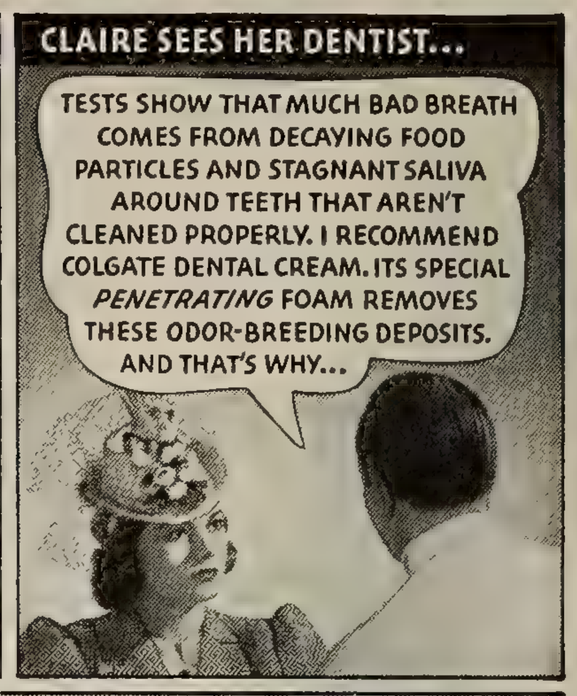
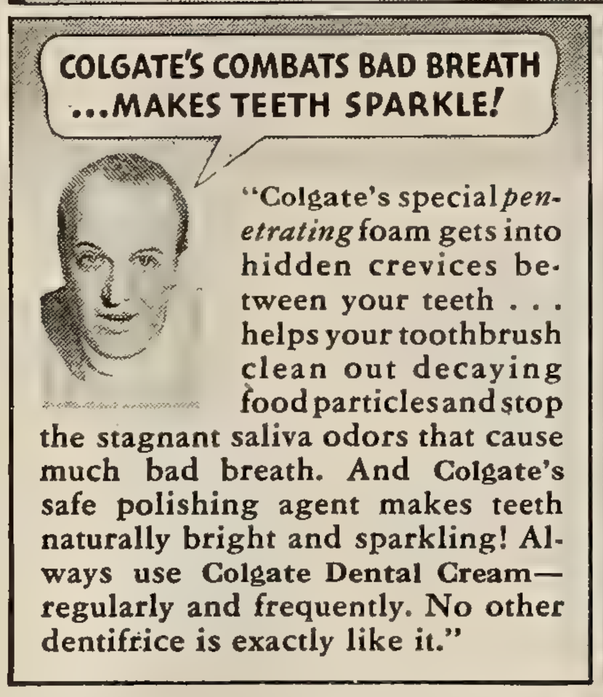
They never thought she'd land him!









her hand. "I see perfectly now, Danny O'Neill. The Oakdale bridge is big and important in your life. I'm not. The Oakdale bridge needs your attention. I don't. A bridge is a funny kind of rival for a girl to have—but I see now that the Oakdale bridge means more to you than I do!"

"That's not true, Eileen. And you know it. You know, too, that a lot of our future depends on that bridge. I'm doing it as much for you as I am for myself. I want you to have things—and I have to get them by working."

"And I want to see you once in a while. I'm tired of sitting around alone night after night . . . wanting to go some place, have some fun . . ."

Danny got up and looked down at her.

"All right," he said, "if that's the way you feel about it. I thought we could go to the movies tonight. I worked hard to get the night off. But if you can't see what it means to work for something better ahead, even if it does mean disappointment right now . . . well, I can't make you see it. I guess you care more about having fun than you do about me. I didn't come here to fight. I'm tired and I'm going home. Goodnight!"

SHE heard the front door slam behind him. For a moment, she did not believe that he had really gone. She had never meant to drive him away. She'd run after him and bring him back—no, she *couldn't* do that! But tomorrow—yes, tomorrow she'd drive out to see him. He'd be over it by then. They'd make it up. . . .

When Danny, carefully checking in supplies in his improvised shack of an office near the bridge, saw Eileen's roadster drive up the road next day, all his resentment of the night before melted away. He'd been crazy to quarrel with his girl—like a hurt kid. Why, just the sight of her made him feel happy all over. He dropped his list and rushed outside.

"Eileen! How are you, honey?"

She leaned out of the window and took his hand.

"Danny," she said, "I had to come out to tell you I'm sorry about last night. I don't know what made me act so horrid."

Danny opened the car door and took her in his arms.

"Let's just forget all about it," he said. "Shall we? Give me a kiss quick before one of these wise guys on the job shows up and starts passing remarks!"

She kissed him quickly, and sighed with pleasure.

"Look at her, honey," he said, after a moment, pointing to the bridge. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, Danny—and on such a beautiful day, too! Danny, can't we just slip away this afternoon, just the two of us? We'll drive to the top of that hill, you know the one I mean, where we used to go last summer. We'll be together—just the two of us!"

A frown creased Danny's forehead. She hadn't understood at all, then. Now she even wanted him to neglect his work in the daytime!

"I can't Eileen. I have work to do—a lot of work. Honey, *can't* you understand? I've got to stick to my job!"

"In spite of me—of what I want?"

Danny clenched one fist.

"Yes, Eileen," he nodded, slowly, "in spite of you!"

Her green eyes lit up with fiery anger. "Very well, Danny O'Neill," she said sharply, pulling off her glove, "if that's the way it is with you, then this is the way it is with me!"

SHE pulled the ring from her finger and held it out to him. Dully, he extended his hand. The stone caught the light with a sudden brilliance as it fell into his rough workman's palm.

He was aware of a door slamming, of the grinding of gears, of the whir of wheels in gravel.

Then Eileen was gone, leaving behind her this fragile symbol of a much greater thing that had been destroyed. He slipped the ring in the pocket of his windbreaker and went back to work.

But it was not easy for Danny O'Neill to work in the next few weeks. Always, the picture of Eileen was before him—her anger, her refusal to understand.

His mother complained that he didn't eat, didn't sleep. That was true.

It was particularly bad the night before the completed bridge was to be tested. For hours, he tossed and turned, trying not to awaken his mother and the youngsters. Finally, just before dawn, he could stand it no longer. He got up, dressed, and let himself quietly out of the house. He would go out to Oakdale, just look around, make sure everything was all right.

The morning air was cool and fresh in the deserted street. The garage doors opened with a hollow, lonely

sound. But the road out to Oakdale was full of summer. Fields and trees were sweet and fragrant in Danny's nostrils and a thousand birds sang.

Just at the Oakdale fork, he came upon Collins, trudging along alone.

"Going my way?" Danny called, feeling already a slight release from pain, as he drew nearer the bridge—his bridge.

"I just thought I'd go out and take a look around," said Collins, a little sheepishly.

"Get in. You're as bad as I am, Collins. You'd think that bridge was a woman, the way we fuss about her!"

He was sorry he'd said that. It made him think of the woman who no longer wanted him, and the thought brought its old feeling of hopelessness.

But the sight of the bridge against the lightening sky, restored some of his good humor.

TOGETHER he and Collins left the car, started across the bridge, inspecting bolts here, looking anxiously up the tall spans, testing joints with a hammer.

"Hey!" said Collins suddenly. "Something moved behind that pillar."

"Go on, it was probably your shadow!" said Danny.

But he looked, too, and he saw that Collins was right. Something had moved behind one of the pillars toward the middle of the bridge.

"Come on!" shouted Danny, for the something was the figure of a man, and he had started to run.

It didn't take long for Danny to catch up with him. He caught the man's collar, swung him around.

"Wilkinson!"

"Listen, O'Neill, this is no time—"

"Why, you meddling, spying . . . What are you doing here?"

The man's face had paled to a ghastly gray under his unshaven beard.

"I tell you, O'Neill, we got to get off this bridge before—"

"Before you do some more damage, I suppose. Well, let me tell you, Wilkinson, I've had enough . . ."

The blow from Danny's raised fist never fell. For, just at that moment, a low rumble, like thunder, began. Ominous, threatening, it rose to a deafening crash.

The dynamited bridge gave way. Like toy figures, the three men fell . . .

TO Mother O'Neill, the days of waiting in the hospital seemed endless. Sitting by Danny's bed, hour after weary hour, watching his still figure for the slightest sign, blaming herself for not hearing him go out that morning, not stopping him, not keeping him safe . . .

Peggy sat with her as much of the time as she could spare from her own home. Monte came, too, in the evening, to bring them away, explaining that sitting there didn't help Danny and only made them feel worse.

A week . . . two weeks . . . three weeks . . . And still the doctors said "No change." And still he lay there, strapped and bandaged, even his head a grotesque mask of gauze. He was breathing, occasionally he moved slightly, he had moments of consciousness. But whether he would rally, whether he would grow stronger, would even speak to them, the doctor could not say. And, day after day, "No change."

In the room next to Danny's, Collins, too, fought for life. Fought, and at last . . . lost, leaving his two children alone in the world, but for the generous heart of Mother O'Neill.

Matt Turner was comfortingly generous, paying all the hospital bills. But what of his daughter? Mother O'Neill simply could not understand why Eileen did not come to the hospital. Perhaps she could not stand the smells that hovered there. But, surely, when the man she was engaged to marry lay so near death. . . .

THEN, on a sweltering August afternoon when the doctor had sent Mother O'Neill home to rest, the phone rang. She sprang to her feet, tense and trembling. Word from the hospital? Trudie answered the phone.

"Miz O'Neill, that Turner girl wants to talk to you. She says to come quick!"

Her hand shook so she could hardly hold the receiver to her ear.

"Oh, Eileen, what is it?"

"I'm at the hospital, Mrs. O'Neill. I couldn't stand it any longer. I made them let me see him!"

"But, Eileen, Danny . . . Is he all right?"

"I had to come to tell him it was all my fault. All of this seems like my fault, too. And when I whispered his name . . ."

"Yes, yes, Eileen . . ."

"He spoke to me. And Mrs. O'Neill"—her voice broke in a sob—"I was so happy! Mrs. O'Neill, can you come over right away? He wants to see you, too!"

"Praise be to God!" said Mother

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:

It invites Romance... that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Follow the *modern* trend in makeup! Achieve the engaging *natural* look of gay, young "collegiennes." It's *easy* with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the wonderful new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own coloring . . . give you that modern *natural* look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you in Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

See how *smoothly* Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.

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PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!

Generous junior sizes of Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick . . . packaged together in an attractive kit, perfect for home or office.

Specially priced for a limited time only
55¢
At drug and department stores
In Canada, 65¢

"Usually, folks, I think POLITELY. But about germs a baby's got to think TOUGH . . . and ACT TOUGH. To be safe, we have to wear ARMOR. That's why Mommy protects my skin, every day, with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It's a baby's best BODY-guard! I hope YOUR baby gets this protection."

Mother, to give your baby's skin the best care, to keep it safer from germs, and freer of rashes, do as almost all hospitals do, as most doctors recommend: oil baby's skin daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. *Do this until he's at least a year old.* And use the oil after every diaper change, too.

Then continue the protection with Mennen Antiseptic *Powder*. Made by a new process—*Hammerized*—it's as smooth as air. And—it's Antiseptic. A survey indicates it is recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder.

Remember, also, nothing takes the place of visits to your doctor. Take your baby to him regularly.

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL *and* POWDER

O'Neill, starting for the door. "Trudie!" she called back to the kitchen. "Danny's saved!"

At the hospital, she found them together, Eileen holding one clumsy, bandaged hand in hers.

"Danny!" cried his mother. "My boy!"

His voice came, weak and muffled, but still Danny's voice—the voice his mother had not heard for so many days, the voice she had even caught herself thinking she might not hear again—ever.

"I'm—fine, Mom," it said faintly, as if speaking with a tremendous effort. "What happened?"

"Never mind, son. Just you rest and get well. Eileen and I will stay and watch. Won't we, Eileen? Only get well, son, get well!"

SHE looked at the girl. Tears streamed from her eyes, already red with crying. Eileen bent over the figure on the bed.

"Yes, Danny," she said softly, "get well—for me as well as for your Mother. I won't desert you, Danny. I'll never desert you now. Only—get well. Come back to me!"

There was a light step at the door.

"I'm sorry," said the nurse, "but you'll have to leave now. The doctor will be here any minute."

The two women went out together.

"Eileen, what were you telling me over the phone about it being all your fault?"

Tearfully, Eileen explained about the broken engagement.

"I'm so ashamed of myself, Mrs. O'Neill," she ended. "I can see now that I must stay with Danny. I can't leave him in this crisis!"

Looking into the girl's wretched face, Mother O'Neill could not judge harshly. But she could also not help wondering if such a crisis were not too much to pay for a girl's thoughtlessness—if Eileen could always be relied on—in a crisis. She dismissed the thought from her mind to comfort the girl.

"We will hope and pray together, Eileen," she said, "for Danny means so much to us both."

Now they met every day at the hospital, Eileen always with arms full of flowers. Even if Danny could not see them, she said, he could smell them.

In another two weeks, he had grown strong enough to talk to them, an hour at a time. Then he was able to sit up.

By the time the leaves were turning red and gold he began to seem almost like his old self. His arm was in a neat splint, his legs were in casts. Only his head remained completely swathed in bandages.

"I guess they just don't want me to see how beautiful you are, Eileen," he said one day, laughing. "I guess they're afraid the shock would be too much for me!"

For answer, she touched his cheek.

"And you, Mom, are you there?"

"You know I am, son. I hate to go away for even a minute. It's so good to have you well again."

"Well, Mom, you tell those doctors I'm getting pretty tired lying here, being mollycoddled like a baby. You tell them I want to get back in action again. I want to go home!"

Mother O'Neill laughed, with real pleasure. This sounded like her Danny, like her impatient, reckless, lovable son once more.

"You just do what the doctors say, or I'll know the reason why. Don't think you're too big to feel the back of your mother's hand yet!"

They laughed together, and Danny and Eileen began to talk, eagerly, of what they would do when Danny was home again. There was really no reason Mother O'Neill could see why they kept him in the hospital. She could take care of him at home just as well as those starched nurses. He'd be better off at home—happier in his own bedroom instead of in this impersonal white hospital room where you were just a room number and a fever chart instead of an only son.

The idea grew on her. Why not? She'd go right in to that doctor now and find out if Danny couldn't go home—tomorrow. Or, at least, the end of the week.

"I'll be back in just a moment," she said, and walked hesitatingly down the corridor to the doctor's office.

He wasn't there, but she waited until he got back.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. O'Neill," he said, putting his bag down on the table and offering her the chair by his desk. "I guess you're feeling pretty good now that that big boy of yours is on the way to recovery. He had a pretty close shave!"

"Yes, and I do feel good about it, Doctor Stone," she began. "And I don't like to bother you when you've done so much for us. But I *would* like to know when I can take him home. He'd be so much better off at home, really he would. Could I take him this week?"

A strange look came to the doctor's face. Was it doubt? Didn't he think she could take care of her own son? She hurried to reassure him.

"Oh, I know I could take perfect care of him, Dr. Stone. I'll do everything you tell me, if you'll just let him go home . . ."

"I'm sure you will, Mrs. O'Neill, but I don't think it wise to let Danny leave the hospital just yet."

That look again. Perhaps it was worry . . .

"If there's anything special he has to have . . ."

"It isn't that, Mrs. O'Neill . . ."

Or did he look like a man who is afraid?

"Doctor Stone! What is it? You're keeping something from me!"

He came over and took one of her hands in his strong surgeon's fingers.

"We haven't wanted you to know, Mrs. O'Neill, and we certainly don't want Danny to know, but—"

"I *must* know, Doctor. What is it?"

"We can't tell you whether, when we remove the bandages from Danny's head—whether he'll be able to see or not!"

He grasped her hand more firmly, and put an arm around her shoulders, to steady her.

But it was not steadying that Mother O'Neill needed just then. That would come later. Just now, she felt only a numbness. She had heard his words, but she could not make herself believe them.

Slowly, as if it belonged to someone else, she heard her own voice—a harsh whisper.

"It isn't true!" she was saying. "It can't be true! My Danny—blind!"

Will Eileen be able to remain loyal to Danny when she learns of this new misfortune? Or—perhaps—is the doctor mistaken in his fears? Be sure to follow the story of the courageous O'Neill family in July RADIO MIRROR.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

SOMETIMES I'm asked why I devote the majority of my columns to the young entertainers. Well, there's only one answer for that: the accent is on Youth in Canadian radio; all the topnotchers hover around the thirty mark. As proof, I give you Rai Purdy, actor, announcer, producer of CFRB, Toronto, twenty-nine years of age and one of the best known and successful of the Dominion's radio artists. Rai Purdy is as busy as a two-armed paperhanger with an European war and a Russian pact on his hands.

Here are a few of the programs that are putting bald spots on the Purdy cranium:

"Out of the Night" . . . Sundays, 9:30 p.m., EDST, from CFRB; a Canadian "Lights Out" program that is getting an increasing audience; scripts and actors all labeled "Made in Canada," with Purdy doing a first person singular job a la Orson Welles.

"Treasure Trail" . . . Tuesday, 9:30 p.m., EDST, to a network; the "telephone prize" show that had had a birthday, while "Pot o' Gold" was still a gleam; also quizzes and stunts; has sold so much gum, Wrigleys almost bit off more than they could chew; Rai is M. C.

"Drama of Stamps" . . . Wednesdays, 8:00 p.m. to a sixteen-station chain for Salada Tea; half-hour dramatizations of just what the title indicates; Rai produces and acts here to scripts by William Strange.

"Circle 'K' Show" . . . Saturday a.m.'s between 11:30 and noon; kids' show, featuring talented moppets, and guest celebs such as sea captains, aviators, sports luminaries, etc.; bankrolled by Kellogg's on chain from CFRB as far west as Vancouver; will probably soon be piped east as far as Halifax for coast-to-coast distribution; once again Rai is M.C. and producer.

"Musical Interlude" . . . fifteen minutes daily for Musterole over CFRB Mondays through Fridays at 5:30 p.m. of familiar music with Rai as M.C.

Which isn't a bad lineup for a fellow who only three years ago was that office-boy of radio, a junior announcer. Of course, you can explain it by Rai Purdy's "Nelson touch"; the "Rai" being a glamorized version of "Horatio", the first name of the admiral who knew England expected every man to do his duty.

RAI PURDY was born in London, England, so he doesn't mind his present setup forcing him to go around in a fog. His parents brought him over to this side of the duck-pond in 1913, when the Atlantic was still safe from long-distance bombers and Europe was getting set to blow up again. He attended Brock Avenue, Huron, Rosedale, and Central Technical schools in Toronto, with some vague notion of a business career.

"The Monetary Times" made the mistake of hiring Rai as an office-boy. He went from there to the accounting, makeup and advertising departments. Then he was fired.

EDGAR STONE had had his eye on Rai for some time, because of the boy's enthusiasm for amateur drama. When Edgar founded his Radio Hall, Rai was his right-hand man. The familiar "Young Tim" series from the Hall over CBC gave Rai his first network experience as announcer. Rai produced two plays presented at the Dominion Drama Festivals, and directed drama activities of the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

CFRB took the ambitious member of the Purdy clan on as an announcer, but Rai wouldn't stay put, and began dabbling with CFRB's dramatics. Soon he found himself producing the successful "Echoes from History" and "Bijou Theatre."

Rai has a lovely blonde wife, and two youngsters, Brian, aged three, and Brenda, just past her first birthday. He also has ideas Canadian radio is going places.

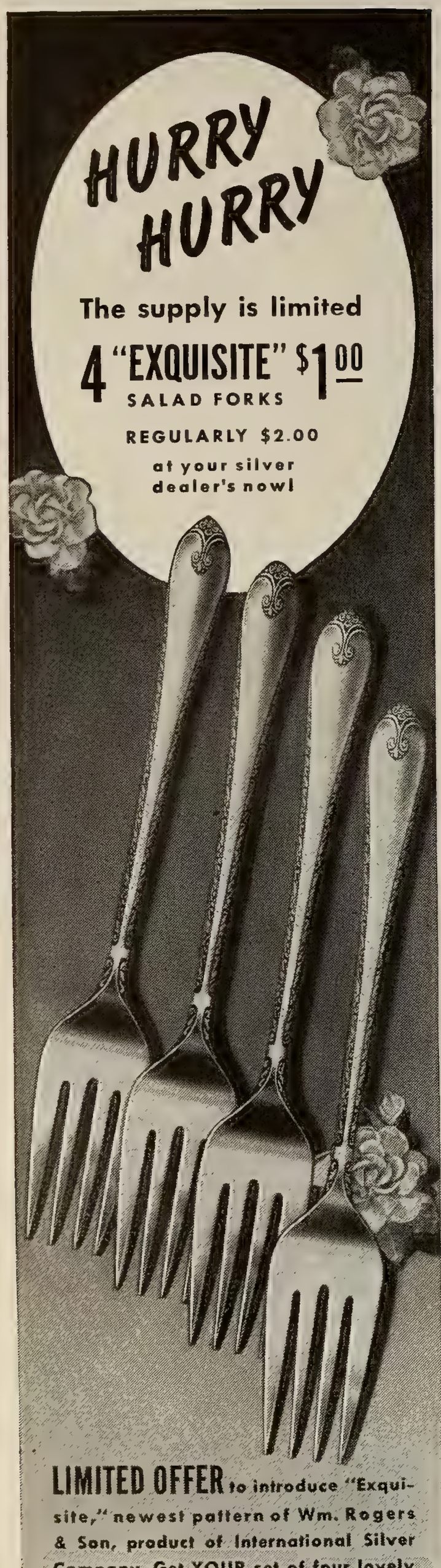
It will, as long as young fellows like Rai Purdy are around.

Meet Romance halfway...

WITH A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"

TO HELP GUARD AGAINST DRY, OLD-LOOKING SKIN, USE THIS LOVELY SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH



Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 37*)

It's my guess that unless some improvement is made in Gene Autry's program, it will fade from the network at the end of the summer. Main weakness in the Autry Formula is the acting by the cast of so-called cowboys, who in reality are actors heard almost every day on dramatic shows emanating from Hollywood. They sound little like cowboys, more like Charlie McCarthy versions.

* * *

Rudy Vallee's new air show met with only doubtful praise here in Hollywood. Most critics gave it a drubbing. Rudy, by the way, is being paged by MGM for the spot of bandleader in the next Judy Garland film.

* * *

Bob Hope, instead of taking a European vacation this summer, will spend his time on the stage: He'll make a lengthy personal appearance tour, at the request of his sponsors and studio.

* * *

BABYLAND BULLETIN! It's a daughter for the Sanford Barnett's . . . papa is director of the Radio Theater! It's a girl for the Budd Linn's—daddy's high tenor with the King's Men quartette!

* * *

Lewis Allan Weiss, headman at the Don Lee Hollywood network, has announced that the Tommy Lee Television station, W6XAO, will go partly-commercial September 1st. This is a breathtaking announcement for it means that Television is here—and with the sponsors' interest, big-time programs will be forthcoming!

* * *

Your reporter will act as a guide to the winners of Uncle Don's talent contest for children: they'll be Monogram Studio's guests in Hollywood!

* * *

"Cobina and Brenda" the two hilarious horse-faced comics on the Bob Hope show will very likely substitute for Hope during the summer months.

* * *

Too bad that Lanny Ross isn't in pictures. With a voice like his, you'd think some movie producer could find a proper script!

* * *

I still can't take the Texaco star theater in large doses. Too much unfunny fun with Ken Murray. Smartest part of the Texaco show is its producer, Jack Runyon.

* * *

Hollywood was amazed to hear that so many of its radio stars were checking off the air soon. When Variety itemed that Orson Welles and his sponsors were through, it did so like this: "Orson Welles wears out sponsor!" And an audience, too!

* * *

It's no secret that Bob Hope is plenty worried over MGM's statement that Judy Garland may not be allowed to return to the Hope airer . . . studio has had complaints from exhibitors saying folks stay home to hear her on the air, instead of going to movies!

* * *

Laurence Olivier and Vivian Leigh are being offered to radio sponsors at an asking price of ten G's. Just hay!

* * *

Dick Powell is right in his element on the Good News show . . . sounds like his old terrific self. . . . Mary Martin's warbling is plenty okay, too!

* * *

The latest Hollywood rage is a rather curious one. Filmstars are eager to participate on the Hollywood Whispers Quiz: a program designed to see how much they know about Hollywood. So far over twenty filmstars have appeared on the Mutual airer, conducted by yours truly.

* * *

Kenny Baker, song star of the Star Theater, rarely allows his children to visit the radio studios.

* * *

Pat Friday, who won plaudits on the Bing Crosby show, is moving into the vocal spot on the Don Ameche drama program.

* * *

CONFIDENTIAL QUESTION BOX

Mrs. E. A. Smith: John Boles was never a very popular radio star: so don't expect to hear him unless he makes an appearance soon on the Lux Radio Theater.

Dorothy Schlapak; N. J.: Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson were just divorced. Alan is not thinking of marrying again. He is in his late 20's, is considered very handsome.

Lelia F. Hoffman, Ohio: Thanks for your nice comments on my radio show. You can hear "Hollywood Whispers" FOUR times weekly over the Mutual Network. Monday, Wednesday, Friday 2:45 p.m. E.D.S.T., and Saturday nights, 9:00 p.m. E.D.S.T.

Jerry Danzig; N. Y. C.: Marjorie Weaver is not married. She's not even engaged. Perhaps, after all, you have a chance!

Wilma Francis; N. Y. C.: Leon Janney is married. He has been secretly married for some time. The girl's name, if you do not already know, is WILMA FRANCIS!

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is also open the year around, with accommodations at greatly reduced rates for the winter months, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to twelve, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

How to Sing for Money

(*Continued from page* 33)

and performance you would the commercial to which you hope to graduate.

Accompaniment

Singing a daily sustainer for a few months with nothing but a bare piano for accompaniment is grand training. More than one name singer today would fail completely if that rich band backing were taken away. Nevertheless, singing with piano only is poor buildup, because the performance almost always (unless you're another Helen Morgan) has a shoddy, weak air about it. There's something about the nakedness and lack of sustaining power in a piano accompaniment that shows up all the imperfections of the singer's voice.

So, if you've just got a piano in back of you, make the best of it, but tactfully try to get something a little richer. Maybe there's a neat little dance orchestra around town which would like to go on the air—maybe the guitar, violin, and bass-fiddle of the house orchestra would give you a break—or perhaps a judicious display of your fan-mail would justify the station manager in spending a little money on your accompaniment. Don't make a nuisance of yourself, but keep it in mind.

But let's assume that you're doing your vocals in front of the house orchestra in a variety sustainer. Here is what will probably go on.

The program director notified you that you are to do a certain show. The Musical Director or Leader tells you what songs you are to sing, or you give him a list from which he picks numbers to fit the show-layout he has in mind. When the songs are cleared, you give him (at least a week in advance), the keys for your choruses and the routines you want; the transposition will be done in the station music library during the week, while you're preparing your rendition on your own time. Your next appearance is at rehearsal, on the day of the show.

The band is almost certainly using "stocks" (orchestrations put out by the publisher), rather than special arrangements. Stock vocal orchestrations are available in several different keys, but you may prefer to use the more rhythmic dance-band orchestration if it happens to contain a chorus in your key, or if you can have one transposed. An expert house orchestra can give your stocks the effect of specials surprisingly well and rapidly.

Thereupon the orchestra runs through it—once alone, not more than twice with you. They then go ahead with rehearsing the rest of the show, catch a smoke out in the alley, and the next thing you know you're on the air.

Rehearsals, and Show Timing

Since the rehearsal period is so short and so near the actual performance, and since the show stands or falls on the one shot, rehearsals are probably more important in radio than in any other branch of entertainment. Treat them that way—arrive on schedule, and take them seriously.

Timing is one of the vital purposes

CHARLES E. ZIMMERMAN
Beauty Expert, Inventor and manufacturer of JUVA-TEX POROUS AUTOMATIC COMPACT PATENTED

As Illustrated 25c

750,000 air cells in each Juva-Tex Porous Automatic Compact, release and filter the powder on your face in a smooth even film. For the first time in the history of the world, you can have a perfect Automatic Compact, washable good as new. Nearly a million women a month are changing from old fashioned compacts and powder puffs to the new Juva-Tex, made from "milk"—the "milk" from rubber trees by a patented process that is one of the marvels of modern science. The instant you use Juva-Tex you'll see the vast improvement in your make-up beauty

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JUVA-TEX is absolutely sanitary Washable Good As New A simple quick rinsing makes your JUVA-TEX just like new!

A LOVELY GIFT FOR YOU IF YOU MAIL THIS COUPON

If you are unable to buy Juva-Tex at your Drug, Department or Variety Store—Mail this coupon with your order, for Free Gift

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I enclose ☐ 10c for one JUVA-TEX Utility Porous Automatic Compact, Patented
I enclose ☐ 25c for one JUVA-TEX Seal Porous Automatic Compact, Patented
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Address_____ City_____ State_____
Here is name of dealer unable to supply JUVA-TEX Please send two FREE JUVA-TEX Twin Porous Powder Puffs.Pat (Free offer with order only.)
Dealers Name_____
This Offer Good in U.S.A. Only.

THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES have ordered this wonderful new cook book, written by our own food editor. 900 recipes, 17 useful chapters, 192 pages, stiff binding. "Every Homemaker's Cook Book" 25c postpaid. Send stamps or coins to:

Readers' Service Bureau, Dept. RM-35, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. The results will amaze you. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. **TRIMAL**

Hearts Beat Faster! Pulses Throb!

Exotic is the word for Park & Tilford's famous No. 3 Perfume! This tantalizing, long-lasting scent makes you fascinating, and weaves about you a seductive spell! Brought to you by the famous house of Park & Tilford, with its 100 year tradition of truly fine quality. Try Park & Tilford No. 3 Perfume *today!* Drug, dept., 10¢ stores.

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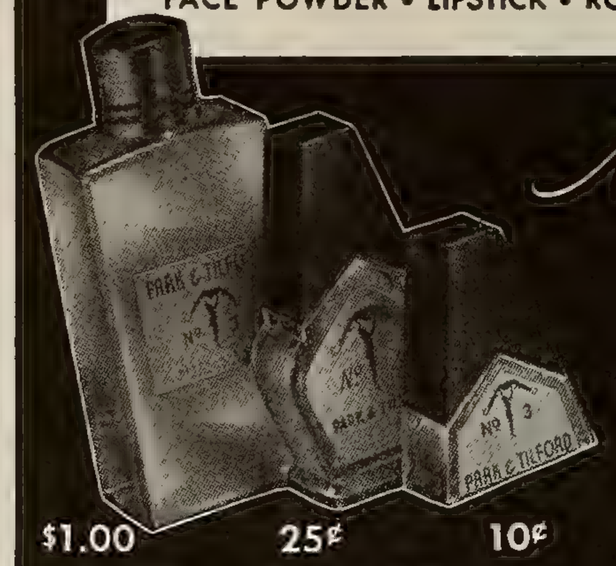

No. 3 Perfume

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of rehearsing. Shows must end on the nose, and in rehearsal the materials for the program are cut, expanded or otherwise adjusted to get exactly the desired length. The "dress," as the dress rehearsal of the whole show without a break is called, is almost entirely for timing.

Once the timing is determined, don't take liberties with it by adlibbing, changing tempos, missing cues, and so on. A show without leeway is a "tight show"—one with a number toward the end marked with "provisional cuts" has a "cushion." Slowing down to use up time gained by running too fast is "stretching"—a show running so slow that it can't finish on the nose is "overboard." And you, if you have to take more time on the air than you did in rehearsal, are a "spreader." Always keep one eye on that clock and other on the script; which should be marked at all its dividing points with the time which should have elapsed, much like a railroad timetable.

How to Build a 15-Minute Sustainer

Let's suppose that you have just had a successful audition, and have been notified to start Monday on a series of 15-minute song programs. You'll probably shove off with the standard pattern, which is as follows: theme opening and the announcer's introduction, then a gay song, a torch, an instrumental interlude, a pretty ballad and a rhythm song; all spaced with short bits by the announcer closing with a repeat of the theme. This used to be a good pattern, but it's terribly old stuff nowadays.

It is not good enough for you, who have a name to make.

Give some serious thought, as soon as you have found your sea-legs in this new job, to devising something better. Put some finesse into your show instead of just grinding out fifteen minutes worth of music . . . In short, Showmanship again.

Well, what to do? I'd say begin by putting a little spin on the numbers you sing. As one idea, couple a timely selection with a clever announcement. Or feature on your number 3 spot a medley of three Perennials. Feature some special lyrics on your second choruses. Do requests, and say so. Get away from the pattern by doing some songs which don't fit it. Dedicate a song to somebody or something. Do anything else which will give your show a little fillip to lift it out of the perfunctory. Try it and see how quickly your sustainer is snapped up by a sponsor. The continuity man and the announcer will actually be glad to help, because they will benefit along with you if the show sells; and the station executives won't be displeased either.

I'd suggest that you read one of the many books on Writing for Radio to get a picture of the situation. *Variety's* Radio Directory has a list of 20,000 program titles which may give you some inspiration. Here are a few rough ideas to start you thinking.

You might, for instance, devote each program to a popular composer: sing his first hit, and others up through the years to his newest song, which you may state you're betting is a coming hit—chat with your announcer about the composer's history, how he writes, and so on: all of which data the publisher will furnish cheerfully.

Choose an enticing title for your show. It may give you the inspiration for the continuity, as a matter of fact. Here are some ideas: Across the Music Counter, Melody Travelogue, Singing Alarm Clock, Around the Town, And so to Bed, The Old Front Porch, Remembering, Who Wrote It, Mary Jane's Songbook, Song Gossip, Lullaby in Rhythm, Singing Co-ed, Dizzy Ditties, Fashions in Melody, Judy's Party, The Hit Sleuth, Here Comes Hannah, The Honeymooners, The Song Painter, Rhythmic Lesson, Serenade to the Cook, and so on without end. You might run a radio contest for a program title and kick up some publicity with it, as well as making people interested in the show.

Hints About Commercial Shows

Your singing job on a commercial show will be very similar to that on the sustainer, except that you'll get a lot of free supervision and advice, much of it conflicting.

Perhaps you think that sponsors are busy men, of whom you won't see much. How wrong you are! Most sponsors are hams at heart, men who have always wanted to angel a Broadway show and now have the chance to do so on the company's money. It's the Glamour. But never forget that it's the sponsor who pays off. He's always right. If he likes "Home on the Range," you like "Home on the Range." It may not be art, but it's one way to stay on the air. So be nice to him. But don't toady, for apart from the stardust temporarily

in his eyes, he's probably a pretty smart operator. For that matter, toadying to the sponsor will burn up the producer and the other advertising agency men, who can give you ten jobs to the sponsor's one.

Here is the primary caution. *Take the job seriously.* The sponsor is spending his good money in the belief that he's going to get it back with a profit through the sales of his product which your entertainment stimulates. To the sponsor it's a very serious business, and it should be the same to you. It isn't funny, nor is it good judgment to break open a pack of Camels on a Chesterfield show, or to program "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" on the Edgeworth pipe-tobacco hour. Don't be smart-alecky; kidding the product at a private gathering is much funnier at the time than it is the next day when it has leaked back to the sponsor. I mean all this very earnestly: I've seen too many promising people cut their own throats by taking the whole thing too lightly.

Miscellany

Now for some assorted suggestions and advice.

Cultivate *versatility.* Learn to "read lines" convincingly; it builds up your own sustainer, makes you more useful, and generally leads to better things. See what it has done for Crosby, and notice how much more Vallee and Kate Smith do than just sing.

Do justice to your fan-mail. Years ago, when I was working with Vallee, the rest of us would leave the club at three, but not Rudy. He went to his cubbyhole in back of the bandstand and worked on his fan-mail until five o'clock of the cold dawn, and then was at his downtown office at eleven to send out the photographs requested. It's a phase of showmanship. Enthusiastic fans will spread the gospel, so take care of them. And don't neglect "pulling" as subtly as possible for fan-mail in your programs . . . all the way from casually mentioning letters so they'll know you don't mind their writing, to outright "feelers" for them. Listen and see how the old hands go about it. By the way, don't show up in the fan-mail room of the station the morning after your first broadcast. And see to it that your name is properly mentioned and plugged on the programs.

Plan your movements on and off stage during the broadcast to avoid bumping into overhead mikes, falling into the orchestra's music racks, dropping your music, stumbling over the drums, and so on. Use a typed lyric and have the tune memorized. If doing script, pin to your lyric that part of it which comes just before or after the song. Don't rustle pages, upset the rack, or drop your script. But if you do drop it, *keep your head* and signal the announcer or someone to come running with his finger at the place.

Don't go around the studio with an entranced look, singing "Mi-mi-mi" with a hand cupped over your ear.

Don't play to your studio audience at the expense of the air. It's a temptation, and one to which most ace stage people succumb when they first enter radio. But there's nothing more annoying to a radio audience than hearing laughter or applause for which it sees no reason. Five hundred people in the studio, a million on the air—figure it out for yourself.

Keep Alert During the Entire Show. Follow the script and the show. Cuts may be made, other performers may skip a page or fluff your cues; and a little attention will prevent your waking suddenly to the fact that hundreds of people are pointing at you. Even after you're supposedly all through, keep alive for emergencies because plenty can happen. If the star faints, a script is dropped or an extra number is unexpectedly needed to fill out the timing, be set to step in like a trouper.

And finally, learn to take criticism without going cold or fluttery. One purpose of this article has been to give you enough elementary radio routine to keep you from making the mistakes of the average beginner, but with the best will in the world you'll step into criticism now and then. Don't let it throw you or start your heart down the elevator. Everybody on that stage has been bawled out at one time or another, and it's all in the day's work. So take it calmly and profit by it; consider it part of your professional education, and don't slough it off by going about with your head down, muttering profane things about ignorant so-and-sos. That won't get you anywhere but out.

Next month, read the concluding chapter of this illuminating series—how to climb from the bottom rungs of the professional singing ladder to the top—and how to stay there. In it are tips that every ambitious young singer must learn.

"PEPSI AND PETE".... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

BRIDGE CLUB ADOPTS OFFICIAL DRINK

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—to the delight of all members present. "Pepsi-Cola is so grand-tasting and so economical to buy," said the president, "I move we make it the official drink of the club." The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

"I MAKE SURE EACH BOTTLE HOLDS 12 FULL OUNCES!"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S WHOLESOME AND GRAND TASTING!"

GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES

It's *easy* and *economical* to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.

Put your Best FINGERS Forward!

These 12 stunning colors help you to glamour and charm!

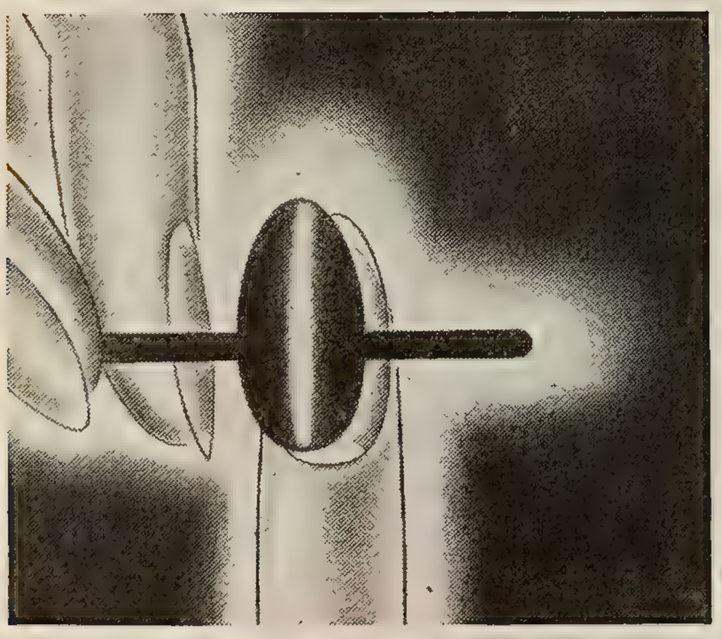
A NEW NAIL POLISH color gives a girl's heart a lift! And these 12 new colors give her a dozen chances to add new charm to her hands and new glamour to herself.

For they are as "fashion-right" as Park Avenue can make them and durable, *durable*, DURABLE beyond your fondest hopes. *Two coats* last actually *longer* than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 "Magic Fingertips"—pale shades, soft, dusty tones . . . dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther

7-DAY NAIL POLISH



Shown above is one of my 12 "Magic Fingertips."

★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you choose *at home* your most flattering shade. Each is shaped like your own nail, and each wears a different, new Lady Esther shade, *exactly as it will look on your hands*. Send *today*. Find your luckiest shade *free!* (56)

NAME _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

■ Meet the lovely Gilman sisters. Lucy, left, plays Edna in Myrt and Marge, and Toni is Virginia in Life Begins.

WE think they're the prettiest sisters we've seen in ages. Not only that, but they are talented and charming, and are radio veterans, each having had about eleven years of microphone experience. They're the Gilman sisters: Lucy, left, who has the role of Edna Seymour in Myrt and Marge, and Toni, who plays the part of Virginia Craig in the CBS serial Life Begins.

Lucy, the blue-eyed, red-headed one was a member of the cast of Today's Children from the time that program first went on the air. She had to stand on a soap box to reach the mike. She's never had a professional education, but she's most determined to become a great actress. Lucy isn't the least bit spoiled, and acts as businesslike for her fifteen years as all the grown-ups with whom she works.

Toni is two years older, equally ambitious, and ever since she can remember, has been as busy as the proverbial bee. It was her grandmother who led six-year-old Toni to a radio audition at a Chicago station, and when they left the studios, the young lady had a job in the Orphan Annie series. Then came parts in Robinson Crusoe, True Story and the Aunt Jenny programs . . . all these sandwiched between her work at grammar school. She can even boast of several appearances in Broadway plays, including Let Freedom Ring and Moon Over Mulberry Street. Her hobby is drawing and sketching. She's 5 feet 7 inches tall, has lovely brown hair and brown eyes.

Dorothy Webster, Providence, R. I.: Janice Gilbert is the name of the young lady who plays the part of Fran in Second Husband, Jean in Hilltop House and Janice in The O'Neills. Janice is sixteen years old, a graduate of the Professional Children's School and is an accomplished dialectician. She has brown curly hair and gray-blue eyes.

Mrs. Nell Magroe, Redondo Beach, Calif.: The role of Alice in Girl Alone is played by Joan Winters and Alan Bishop in the serial Betty and Bob was portrayed by Ned Wever. At the present time, Hugh Marlowe's radio activities are confined to the Ellery Queen role. He is also currently appearing in the Broadway show—Margin for Error.

Miss Ruth Carty, Roslindale, Mass.: Michael Loring, young baritone, whose voice is frequently heard on guest appearances on the air, has had a time-worn conflict between his love of acting and singing. He was born in Minneapolis on November 26, 1910 and made his first public appearance as a choir boy. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota and after graduation, toured with several road companies. In 1934, Michael joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and it was while he was on the west coast that he first did radio work. Incidentally, he's truly tall, dark and handsome, and his favorite songs are negro chants and sentimental Irish ballads.

FAN CLUB SECTION

The **Eddy Duchin** Fan Club is celebrating its fourth anniversary by putting on a strong drive for new members. All those who are interested should write to Miss Edna Rogers, 3730 No. 8th Street, Phila., Pa.

To all those Radio Mirror readers who have queried us about a **Horace Heidt** Fan Club, we suggest that you communicate with Mrs. Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 W. 105th St., Los Angeles.

Miss Harriet A. Plumley of the **Tommy Dorsey** Fan Club, 93 Urban St., Buffalo, New York, is anxious to enroll new members. If you're interested, why not write her?

The Indestructible Hedda

(*Continued from page* 15)

for the column she writes called "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—a column already printed in over thirty Metropolitan dailies. Three times a week her voice goes whipping out over a national radio hookup telling millions of people what really goes on in the motion picture capital. You go to see a film—say "The Women" or "That's Right—You're Wrong"—and watch Hedda Hopper cheerfully playing the part somebody else wanted.

And in her suite of swank offices high in a Hollywood skyscraper or in her house, while she fingers the bank book that can't seem to keep up with her exuberant income, she smiles wickedly at her memories. They're good memories, all right. They form a saga of stubborn resistance to a pretty hard world. It's a survival of the fittest set-up.

Hedda was, and is, the fittest of them all.

Of course her vitality is a thing of early history. It all may have sprung from the uncle who had such an excess of the stuff he barged into this world with six toes on each foot—Anyway, six other uncles were ministers and her whole family were Quakers and in the face of this enormous and depressing relationship Hedda decided with her first consciousness to be an actress, which in those days meant a Fallen Woman. So that will give you some idea.

She did it, too. She started in the chorus of a Broadway show, running away from home and the neighborhood church choir at eighteen.

What assets she had were few enough, but good; she could play the piano, having learned to do so in a neighbor's parlor because her own family were too poor to afford an instrument. The parlor was used only for weddings and funerals and little Hedda had to blow on her fingers to get them limbered up, but by golly she could play the piano.

There was never any necessity for this accomplishment, in the chorus.

She was a tall girl, five, seven and a half to be exact, with a robust figure and one heck of a lot of energy. Anyway, she got fifteen dollars a week and lived on it, and when the chorus job folded she found another.

IT would take a volume the size of the Encyclopedia Britannica to tell in any sort of detail the valiant years of Hedda Hopper leading up to the Hollywood story I mean to tell you now. She did everything. She stole salary for a whole year as prima donna in "The Quaker Girl," having exactly two notes in her voice—high C and low C. She built a snowman in 42nd Street the year of the Great Blizzard, made extremely bad speeches on the steps of the New York Public Library, and sold real estate at enormous profit. She was a partner of Elizabeth Arden for a time, ran for a public office and was ignominiously defeated, knitted socks for the American Expeditionary Force which it wore as sweaters, went lecturing, and married DeWolf Hopper, stage star. She wrote a play with a friend, had it produced, heard it panned; coached Jan Kiepura in diction and, twenty-three years ago, bore a son, whom she named William Hopper. (He's changed it now, for pro-

"WHAT A LOVELY MEAL!" Yes—you'll get many compliments on your cooking, and the men folks will like your new menus too—different without being fancy. All you have to do is follow the suggestions of the food editor of this magazine, in her new "EVERY HOMEMAKER'S COOK BOOK" just off the press. 193 pages packed with practical brand-new cooking information. 17 chapters, easy index, patent "lie-flat" binding, all in attractive green and yellow stiff covers. Only 25 cents! **Address Readers' Service Bureau, RADIO MIRROR, Dept. CB-6, 205 East 42nd Street. New York, N. Y.**

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after you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

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1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods
5 rinses 25¢
2 rinses 10¢

LOVALON

USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent

SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

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SUPERIOR SANITARY PROTECTION

—at important savings!

Now you may enjoy the full benefits of approved internal menstrual protection—*safely—economically.*

Holly-Pax, the modern, economy tampon, is a sensational success. Smaller and firmer, it's easier to insert, yet adequate, comfortable, secure. And it's super absorbent. Worn internally, there's no chafing, no pulling, no "telling" lines, no odor.

Many leading physicians agree that nature has provided you with a safe, internal repository for tampon usage. Holly-Pax conforms ideally to the natural requirements. That's why thousands upon thousands are turning to this new boon to women.

Also, Holly-Pax is very decidedly the *economy* tampon. Its cost is low and each tampon gives you much longer service.

Your comfort—your well-being—your purse dictate the use of Holly-Pax *approved protection.*

AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN-CENT STORES

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

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THE *Economy* TAMPON

10 for 20c

an average month's supply

UNIVERSAL COTTON PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Box H14, Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10¢ please send me trial package of HOLLY-PAX, in plain wrapper, also *New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

With a bracer of hot tea for breakfast, and a telephone in her hand, Hedda Hopper's set for a busy day.

fessional purposes, to De Wolf Hopper, his father's name.) She sold Liberty Bonds in Grand Central Station, appeared in innumerable Broadway hits, played a part in Louis B. Mayer's first motion picture, divorced De Wolf Hopper and his eternal rendering of Casey at the Bat (of which she tired), and put on fashion shows.

All this filled her time and her life until she came to Hollywood under contract. That was somewhat over thirteen years ago, and she was already a woman alone in the world with a small son to support and the burden of her own career.

She decided one thing. She'd always have integrity so far as her job was concerned. She found that there were many months of the year when the studio had no role for her, whereupon during those times she went poking about at other studios.

"Look," she'd say genially to producers, "there's a part in your new picture that's made for me. Why don't you borrow me for it?"

"Why, Metro would never lend you out, Hedda, you know that."

"Well—" and Hedda would smile in a conspiratorial manner—"just let me see what I can do. I think maybe I could arrange it."

AND of course Metro would lend her out, and of course Metro got the salary the other studio paid her, and of course Metro was in a lovely mood about the whole thing. One year she made $12,000 for Metro. And as a result Metro fired other people regularly but they kept Hedda under contract at $750.00 a week for seven years.

Then came disaster. The new Twentieth Century-Fox combine started to borrow all of Metro's stars, and Metro decided that it was poor policy to build up stars for other studios to exploit, so it decided to make a rule: no more lending, at all.

And Hedda made no more outside money for Metro, and Metro found no work at home for Hedda to do, and came the axe.

She stood at the window of her bedroom in the little bungalow where she and Bill had lived since the first Hollywood days, and faced a future which looked back stonily, without promise. There was something in her throat she hoped couldn't be the beginning of tears—she fought them back. She thought, *am I tired, really? Am I through, now, with Forty staring me in the face and Bill not ready to make his start?—*

Of all things, she loved that boy and the work she did, in the order named. Through the years she had taught him what she knew, tutoring him in the theater and in the tradition of a good actor. She had watched him grow into a tall, dark and handsome youngster such as Mae West might croon over and she had heard his voice assume the resonance and quality it should have and she had seen his development beyond the melodramatic, gesturing stage of his first efforts, and she was proud.

He was her handiwork and she wanted to finish the job she had started. Besides, standing there in that room at the point in her career at which most women would say, "Well, time to retire," she felt vital and well and bored with the idea of settling down.

So she had made up her mind. It was a fantastic thought, really. She probably couldn't swing it at all. It was madness of the first water.

But she was remembering the day, a few years ago, when Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the Washington *Herald,* had met her at the Hearst ranch and had said, "Why don't you try a gossip column for me, Hedda? If you can write about Hollywood the way you talk about it, the stuff should be good."

Hedda Hopper remembered the columns she had done, to a tune of constant delighted praise from Mrs. Patterson, until the price had had to come down on them. They'd been good columns. Hedda remembered, too, the series of articles she had done for a fan magazine, at an editor's request, and the mail those articles had brought from readers.

COLUMNING was a good racket. She hadn't any notion of the technique of writing, but neither had she had a great voice when she had accepted the lead in the Quaker Girl, nor any knowledge of real estate when she went into that business. The columnists were a phenomenon that had grown into the Big Time, lately. Look at Walter Winchell. Look at Jimmie Fidler, with his quarter of a million income that year. Look at Louella Parsons.

Well, but that was the rub. Louella was the woman who wrote about Hollywood for the world. She had the In with the studios, and she had the field just about sewed up. All the scoops went to Louella, and without scoops you couldn't get beyond the starter mark in the columning race.

Still, thought Hedda . . .

She took a long breath and went to work.

She persuaded the manager of a

newspaper syndicate to give her a trial and before long people were reading "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" with their coffee in the mornings. There may have been mistakes in syntax and a certain lack of polish in construction, but when you got through reading you had a sense of cheerful uplift and excitement; you knew a lot more about Hollywood and its people than you did before; and you had chuckled at least twice.

I'll just tell the truth, as I see it, she thought. And let the barbs fall where they may. If I'm wrong and find it out, I'll admit it. I'll play no favorites. I'll wield no stick if this thing brings me power. And we shall see. And she saw, soon enough. On Friday, busy trying to think of an idea for her Sunday column, she remembered a recent party to which certain very small personalities with small incomes had not been invited in order to make room for some unpleasant characters who were rolling in money. "The caste system of Hollywood!" thought Hedda grimly, and let fly.

Two days after the column appeared the head of one of the major studios went personally to the Los Angeles *Times* and demanded that they fire her.

"We can't, she's syndicated," the editors said. "And we wouldn't anyway. She's terrific. And her opinions are her own."

THEN they called Hedda and told her what had happened. During the next days and evenings she was called aside every few minutes by important executives, who just wanted to give her a little good advice. She should go easy on stuff like that, because Hollywood wouldn't stand for it. What could Hollywood do? Well, it could do plenty. You had to play ball.

Hedda Hopper shut herself in her back bedroom to think it over. This career meant a lot to her. So did her integrity. Of course there was Bill to think about, and the income situation; and if it were true that you either had to play the game or else—

She thought, They're out to kill me off and I've only one weapon to fight back with. I've had to have courage before. I'll use it now. And let 'em try to kick me out of this racket. That's all. Let 'em try.

After that she felt better. She bought a new hat, stuck it on at the craziest angle she could devise, and went sailing out to battle. Then she was on the bandwagon and there was no more time to think, or worry, or plan. Her day began at dawn and ended when and if she got home from parties, in the dark before dawn. She got her scoops, too—even the exclusive on the Jimmy Roosevelt divorce. David Selznick hired Vivien Leigh to play Scarlett O'Hara. Hedda thought an American girl should have had the role, and devoted an entire column to ticking Mr. Selznick off. She went on the offensive in a big way.

She woke up one morning to find the most efficient portion of her staff hired away from her. She needed that staff. So it was like that, Hmm? Well. Hedda got out her checkbook, cast a roving eye at the staff of a rival, and calmly replenished her list of helpers by the same methods.

I'm playing ball, all right, she thought. But not their kind.

When she finally won she wasn't even aware of victory for a time, nor did she know what master stroke had

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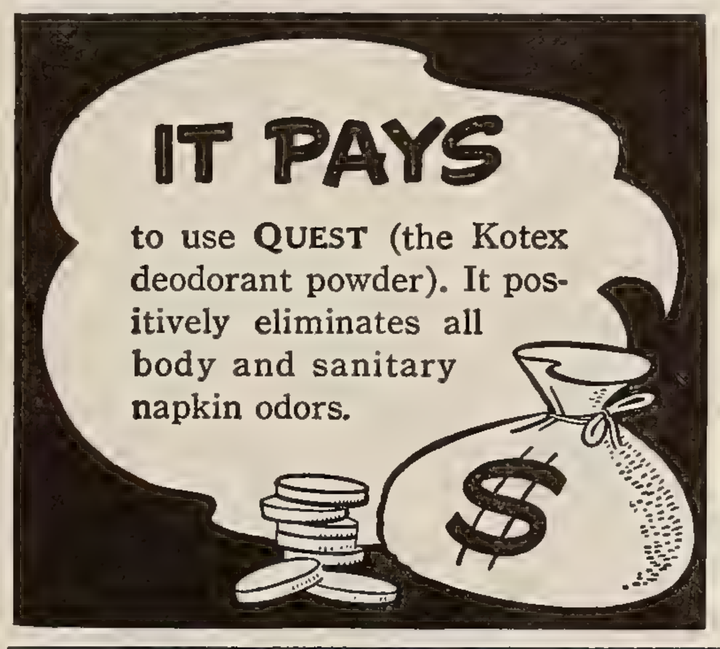

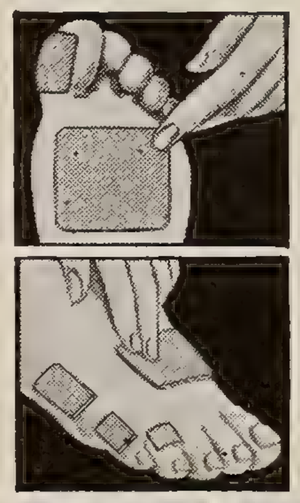

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turned the tide for her. It had all been in the day's work, as part of her original plan to keep faith with the truth. You see, she went to the preview of "Gone With The Wind." And it was colossal. And Vivien Leigh was incredibly wonderful. And furthermore, Hedda realized it and admitted it.

I ran into her in the lobby after that preview. "I'm eating my words about Leigh," she told me. "Selznick was right and I was wrong."

And her next column said just that. She did what almost no other columnist would do, as a matter of policy. She swallowed three long paragraphs, so there would be no mistake.

Then it was that Hollywood, looking back, realized that Hedda Hopper loved her town, and theirs, but that she wouldn't print the usual brand of what she called "bilge" about it.

Hollywood began to get it, now. Hedda was playing fair. And she was as willing to take it as she was to dish it out.

The town let out its breath and solemnly took off its hat to Hedda Hopper.

That's the story.

Hedda, sitting securely at the top, is radiant; of course, with the columns and with three radio programs each week, her existence is a chaos. It doesn't matter. She's smack in the midst of things again, loving it, and she's got a brand new career to play with, and she's too busy to remember her own birthday or how many of them she's had.

She asks no more of her gods.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 7*)

SALT LAKE CITY—When Thomas Bowring Woodbury, aged five, kicked up such a fuss in his Salt Lake City home that his father gave him a clarinet to quiet him, a chain of events was started that eventually brought to station KDYL a musical director of whom they're very proud. Woodbury's middle name has now been shortened to "By," and besides all his other duties at KDYL he leads his own dance orchestra which listeners to NBC studios in the Intermountain and Pacific Coast areas hear every Monday and Friday at 10:30 P. M.

That first clarinet had to be supported on a specially built wooden stand because By's little hands couldn't work the keys and hold the instrument up at the same time. But it led within a year to a vaudeville career in which By was billed as the Boy Wonder of the Clarinet. He came by his stage talent naturally, however. According to Salt Lake history, his great grandfather once built a small theater in the second story of his house, where he presented plays acted in by members of his own family. One evening Brigham Young walked in with his family, the legend says, and bought out the whole theater.

By combined education in the Salt Lake schools with musical training, studying the oboe, English horn, and saxophone in addition to the clarinet. In 1930 he went to Germany to study, and there met Adolf Hitler, then just out of prison. Returning to the United States, he organized his own dance band, then joined KDYL.

Every six months By and his band give a free concert at the Utah State Penitentiary, and at Christmas time they tour all the children's hospitals and orphanages in the state. Hardly a week passes during the year that By doesn't receive a letter, a poem, or a present in some form from one of the children at these institutions. "I get paid," he says when he looks at these remembrances, "for most of the things I do free"—which isn't a bad motto for anybody to live by.

By's married, to the former Bubbles Blood, niece of the Governor of Utah. Bubbles admits that some of By's pet peeves are people who complain about swing music, and those who think musicians lead an easy life. She says the best way to disprove the latter assertion is to marry one. By and Bubbles have two children, Cherie Lou and Thomas Bowring Woodbury II.

* * *

CINCINNATI—Did you ever wonder how actors are chosen for radio's serials and dramatic programs? Maybe it isn't the same everywhere else, but we can at least tell you how it's done at WLW, Cincinnati.

Harold Carr, chubby, 36-year-old production chief at WLW, is in charge of all casting, and he says that putting an actor into a part he doesn't like is a little like leading a horse to water—you can't make the actor act.

"If you put a poor actor into a part he doesn't like," Carr says, "he won't make a success of it. If he's a good actor he'll do an acceptable job, but not as good a job as he'd do in the type of rôle he likes best."

Therefore, Carr's casting technique consists of studying every actor on his lists, determining the type of rôle that really gets each individual actor excited and interested, and popping them right into such rôles every time they come along.

Carr used to be an actor himself, which probably explains why he is so sympathetic to them. He was born in Flandreau, South Dakota, and started his dramatic career in high school. In college he sang the part of Hans Wagner in "The Prince of Pilsen"—a part that required him to ask the familiar question, "Vas you effer in Zinzinnati?" He hadn't been then, but he's there now.

After college he traveled with dramatic stock companies for seven years, finally entering radio in 1927 as an entertainer and announcer. He's been with WLW since 1934. NBC listeners hear his work in Smoke Dreams, which he directs for the network every Sunday.

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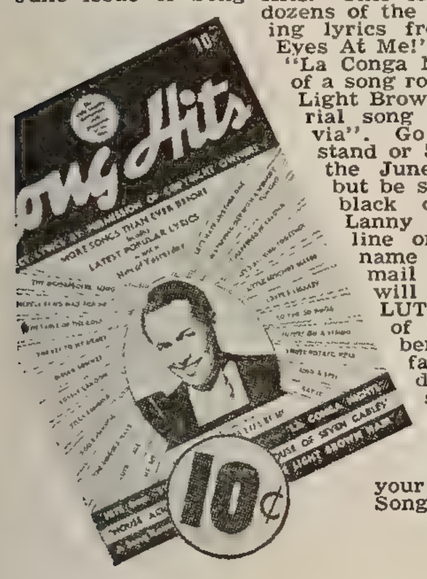

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The Romance of Helen Trent

(*Continued from page 28*)

butler who answered her protracted ringing of the bell told her something that sent the blood leaping furiously, hopefully through her veins. Mrs. Conway was ill—a nervous breakdown, he believed. After a few minutes of persuasion, he admitted that she might be found at the San Ysidro Sanatorium.

Helen drove there, weaving impatiently in and out of traffic, nervous in her eagerness. Perhaps Florence Conway would refuse to see her . . . perhaps she was too ill to see anyone . . . perhaps there was nothing in all this anyway . . . perhaps . . . .

But Florence Conway did see her, at once.

HELEN stepped into the large, sunny room after the beckoning hand of a Sister of Mercy; with a little sigh of its air-brake, the heavy door swung to, shutting the Sister outside. A woman she had difficulty in recognizing as the dainty, blonde, gay Florence Conway of the screen, sat upright in the bed facing her. She had wasted away to little more than skin and bone, her lifeless hair was tangled and unkempt, and the only spots of color in her face were her pale lips and her brilliant, haunted eyes.

"Mrs. Trent?" she said timidly as Helen entered.

"Yes." Profoundly shocked, hating the necessity that forced her to question this pitiful creature, Helen approached the bed. A prickle of fright ran over her skin when the woman suddenly seized her hand and drew her closer.

"You've come to see me," Mrs. Conway said, peering avidly into Helen's face. *"Why?"*

She spat out the last word with such awful intensity that for a moment Helen was unable to answer. Then, collecting herself, she murmured:

"To ask you . . . if you can help me . . . clear Drew Sinclair of Petrolov's murder."

Never in her wildest dreams could Helen have foreseen the effect of her words. For Mrs. Conway released her hand and threw herself back against her pillows, sobbing with something that was neither happiness nor grief, but a mixture of both. "At last!" she gasped. "I knew—I knew there would be a sign! If I was meant to tell, then someone would come—to take away my burden—to wash me clean again! Oh, I've waited, and waited, lying here day after day, with it gnawing on my soul. . . . But a wife mustn't testify against her husband, must she? Not unless she is given a sign. . . ."

"Mrs. Conway!" Helen exclaimed. "Are you trying to tell me that your husband murdered Petrolov?"

She nodded eagerly. "Yes, yes, that's it! I knew Bart had done it, as soon as I saw his face. He was jealous—he knew I loved Dimitri. He must have suspected it before Sandra's cruise to Mexico started, and then one night he caught me meeting Dimitri on the deck. I was begging Dimitri to love me. . . ." Tears spilled over and coursed down the raddled cheeks. "Oh, I knew he was worthless—I knew all along he'd desert me as soon as he had what he wanted—but I didn't care. I loved him."

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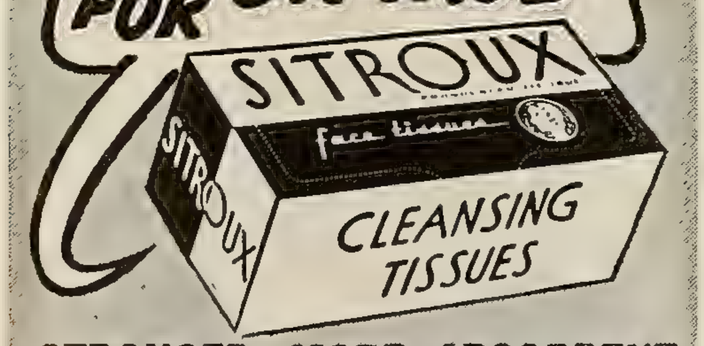

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She paused, the lace of her expensive nightgown rising and falling with her labored breathing.

"But why did you wait so long to tell this?" Helen asked.

Mrs. Conway moved her head wearily on the pillow. "I was afraid, at first . . . and later, I hoped Bart would tell, himself. He threatened to kill me, too, if I told—but then I came to this place—and I thought, when he was alone, he'd feel the guilt crushing down on him—as I did—and make his peace with God— But if I told, he never could, and he'd be damned! Well," she screamed in sudden, insane anger, "I hope he *is* damned! I hate him—I'm glad you came, so I could tell you!"

With difficulty, Helen pressed her back against the pillows, quieted her until she was able to talk coherently once more. "Can't you tell me," she suggested gently, "just how he did it?"

HE and I were on the after-deck, with the others, when you and Drew came on board." Mrs. Conway spoke mechanically now, as if reciting an oft-conned, not very important lesson. "You didn't notice, but as soon as Drew went below, Bart slipped away. He knew this was his chance. He went over the side of the yacht, holding on to the rail, edging along on a little ledge until he got to the porthole. Then he watched for the right time and—and fired. He wore gloves, and when he was through he just tossed the revolver into the room. Afterwards, he jumped back up on deck and ran around so he was with the rest of us when we ran down the companionway. He thought no one would suspect . . . but I knew, as soon as I saw Dimitri lying there, dead. . . ."

Her voice trailed away, and her eyelids fluttered down. Hastily, Helen went to the door and called a nurse.

After that, things happened quickly. A conference with Jonathan Hayward . . . telephone calls . . . the activity of an aroused police . . . statements, depositions . . . a cable to the Sureté in Paris, where Conway was directing a picture . . . news that he had been arrested, had confessed. . . .

Helen, worn out with the strain of thirty-six hours without sleep, nevertheless insisted that she be the one to fly north to the jail and tell Drew. It was, perhaps, as well that she did, because after one staring moment of disbelief, Drew collapsed completely, sobbing in her arms like a tired, lost child. He would have hated anyone but Helen to see that.

She had thought that, once Drew's innocence had been established and he was free, nothing could ever make her unhappy again. And of course she wasn't unhappy—not really. How could she be, with her wedding with Drew set for only a week away!

But—

There were so many things that were not quite right. Small things, perhaps. And, on the other hand, perhaps not so small. They might not have seemed small to Sandra Sinclair. They might not seem small to any woman in love. And they all centered about Drew.

It seemed hardly possible that the Drew of today was the same man who had clung to her in his prison cell, utterly dependent, utterly loving. This busy, bustling Drew, so full of affairs and plans, this Drew of telephone calls and conferences and hurried business trips—was there actually room in his heart for love?

She had understood why, after his release from prison, he had needed to go away. She was hurt, a little, that he never mentioned the possibility of marrying her and taking her along, but even so she made no objection to his around-the-world trip with Peter. A man, she had reasoned, is not like a woman—there are times when he can find comfort and strength only in himself, when love is an irritation and a distraction. So she had seen him off on the boat, had kept on waving goodbye long after her tears had blurred the tall figure and the tiny one leaning over the first-class rail; and for seven long months she had existed somehow, with the help of work and friends and all the other things that are so unimportant in comparison with the man you love. She had found a job in another studio, and with amiable young Chris Wilson she had started an exclusive dress shop of her own, as insurance against sudden layoffs in the studios.

Then he was back, and for a while she had told herself how right she'd been to let him go. For he was revitalized, thrillingly alive once more, full of all sorts of plans—for their marriage, for the reorganization of a production unit with some new capital that had been promised to him, for a complete new life. For a week she had been happy with a happiness she had not known for years.

And then—what were the subtle changes that would come, so suddenly, in the space of a second, setting him apart from her?

There was the company, the reborn Sentinal Studios. Helen thought she might grow to hate that company with all the hatred of jealousy. It was natural for a man of Drew's ambition and energy to plunge back into work with an eagerness that would not be slaked. But was it natural for a man, even such a man, to begrudge every minute spent with the woman he—presumably—loved?

SHE must not let herself be hysterical, Helen always reminded herself at this point; she must be fair. She of all people must not turn into the demanding, possessive type of woman who insists that her man shall have no other interests before her. Of course it was right that Drew should love his work, and want to get the company under way and producing pictures again. But—

But his backers had given him a full year, and from the way he acted one would think that it was only a matter of weeks before, on pain of losing everything, he had to have three pictures on the screens of the nation! It was insane to work as he did—until midnight, two, three in the morning. It was insane to be so busy that he could not drive out to the ranch for an evening; or if he did, to sit there tense, his mind whirling with plans and schemes, paying no attention to her.

And on the night when he didn't come to a dinner the Douglas Stanwoods gave especially for him and Helen—then she knew how bored he was with everything that took him away from his work. For he showed up at last, after eleven o'clock, with a story no one believed, about having been out in a launch that broke down; and when Helen, later, accused him

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of the falsehood, he admitted it, irritably.

"I was busy," he snapped. "And after all, I made an appearance, didn't I? That's all that was necessary."

"Doesn't it make any difference to you that you humiliated me by giving such a feeble excuse that everyone knew it wasn't true. . . . Drew, deceitfulness is so unlike you!"

It was another quarrel, and though they made it up before they parted, it too left its bitter taste. It began to seem to Helen that she and Drew were always either quarreling, or on the verge of a quarrel, or just making up after one. She tried to be tactful and considerate, but his nerves were so taut, his temper so uncertain, his conception of his responsibilities toward her so elastic, it was difficult. Surely after they were married, and after the studio had been put on an even keel, he would change, be the old Drew again!

But what was the old Drew? Stubbornly, she refused to remember that there had always been something about him that she could not understand, something that had silently warned her away from him.

THEN, one day, something happened that changed everything.

She had set up her drawing board one morning in the patio, and was hard at work on preliminary sketches for some new dresses that would eventually be displayed in her shop, when Agatha brought word that a Mrs. Dunlap wanted to see her. "She's got a little girl with her, and they both look awful tired. Must of walked all the way out from town," Agatha elaborated.

"A little girl! I don't know anyone named Dunlap, I don't think—but of course I'll see them."

A moment later she looked up to see a tall, muscular woman confronting her. Mrs. Dunlap was dressed in an old-fashioned black dress, none too clean, and a hat that, if it had ever seen better days at all, must have seen them years before. One big hand engulfed that of a little girl about eight years old who wore a blue pinafore, long stockings and scuffed

CAREER?

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shoes. Both were staring at Helen, the woman grimly, the child with a sort of timid curiosity. She might have been a pretty girl, Helen reflected, if her face hadn't been so pinched and hungry.

"You're Mrs. Trent." The woman's deep voice pronounced the words not as a question, but as a statement of fact.

Helen nodded and indicated some chairs. "Yes. Won't you sit down?"

Ponderously Mrs. Dunlap lowered herself into a creaking wicker chair and drew the child close to her knee. "This is Barbara Sue," she said.

Helen could think of nothing more to say than another half-questioning "Yes?"

"I've brought her back to you," Mrs. Dunlap said flatly.

"Brought her back. . . .?"

With a waggle of her big shoulders, Mrs. Dunlap leaned forward. "Now see here, Mrs. Trent," she said, "there ain't no use in our beatin' 'round the bush with each other. I remember you all right, an' I guess you remember me. All I come for's to get the money you owe me for Barbara Sue's keep the last eight years, an' to make some kind of arrangement for her from now on. If you still don't want to be bothered with her, that's all right with me. I'll take care o' her, all right. But I got to have money."

Helen felt a hysterical desire to laugh, but the massive, rocklike seriousness of the woman stopped her. She said carefully, instead, "I think you must have made a mistake."

"NO mistake." Mrs. Dunlap was positive about this. "This here's your kid. You left her with me eight years ago in Chicago, promisin' to send me money every week, but after the first two weeks you never did. An' I never could find you at the place you said you lived. Never did know where you was until I seen your picture in one o' these movie magazines."

This time Helen did laugh, but it was more of a breathless, frightened giggle. "That's absurd!" she said. "I —I had a little girl, eight years ago, just before my divorce. But she died before I even saw her. And if she hadn't I certainly wouldn't have given her to you—or to anyone else —to bring up."

Not a flicker of expression crossed Mrs. Dunlap's leathery face. "That's what you say now. You was singin' a different tune when you left Barbara Sue with me. An' you'll sing a different tune again. Look here."

She held out one palm, dirt imbedded in its coarse grain. On it was a small child's locket, open to show the snapshot of a man. "Who's that?" she asked.

Helen, looking closer, exclaimed in amazement. "Why—it's Martin—my husband! That is —he used to be my husband."

"Uh huh," the woman grunted in satisfaction. "And this little lavalleer here belongs to Barbara Sue! She's had it ever since she was a baby."

Helen put one palm to her forehead, as if thus she could steady the reeling of her brain. "But—but—" she stammered, "but you could have found that picture anywhere—in a pawn shop, a photographer's store—"

"It ain't all the proof I got," Mrs. Dunlap remarked. "I got a letter, too, signed by you. But I give that to my lawyer, Mister Gilbert Whitney."

Helen had thought she was beyond any further amazement, but the name of Gilbert Whitney was a surprise nevertheless. She had never met him, but she knew him by reputation —one of the finest and most respected members of the Los Angeles bar, a leader in reform and philanthropic movements, a brilliant attorney. It was inconceivable that he could have accepted this woman's case without being convinced of its justice.

But anger was rising in her, too, along with astonishment, and she said coldly, "I'd advise you to forget about your plan to frighten me into giving you money, Mrs. Dunlap. This little girl is not mine; I've never seen her before; and I don't intend to give you a cent."

"All right." The Dunlap woman slowly heaved herself to her feet. "All right, if that's the way you feel."

When she had gone, pulling the little girl after her, Helen tried to collect her scattered wits. The whole thing was ridiculous, of course. But —Mrs. Dunlap could certainly cause a great deal of trouble. Anything connected with Drew was news since his trial. The newspapers all knew that she and Drew were engaged, and if Mrs. Dunlap sued her for the maintenance of Barbara Sue they would leap on the story like hungry wolves.

She told Drew about it that night, and was even more upset when she saw how seriously he took it. She realized, then, that she had hoped for reassurance and comfort. Instead, he shook his head and fretted:

"This can be very bad, Helen. Right now, with the studio just getting under way—" He looked at her keenly. "Of course, she can't possibly have any real proof?"

"Oh, no!" she began, before she caught the note of distrust, of doubt, in his voice. "Drew!" she said, laughing shakily, "surely you don't think this might—actually *be* my little girl?"

"No, of course not," he said quickly. "But I wonder—maybe it would be better to give her a few thousand dollars, just to keep her quiet. It might be money well spent, I mean."

Helen set her jaw determinedly. "I wouldn't think of it. I'd—I'd feel as if that were tacitly admitting her story's the truth. And it isn't!"

"Mmmm—guess you're right," he said, but not as if he were convinced, and he added, "but I want you to see a lawyer right away."

HELEN agreed, and the next day she spent a reassuring half-hour with Jonathan Hayward, the attorney who had defended Drew at his trial, and whom she had known and admired for years.

"Nothing to it, Helen," he said cheerfully. "We'll soon send this Mrs. Dunlap scurrying off about her business. Though I must say I'm surprised at Gil Whitney taking a case like this. Anyway, all we have to do is wire the Hall of Records in Chicago—that *is* where your baby was born, isn't it?—and ask for a copy of its death certificate. That will prove Barbara Sue couldn't possibly belong to you."

But the next evening, just after she and Drew and Agatha Anthony had finished dinner at the ranch, she was summoned to the telephone. She returned to the drawing room looking pale and a little frightened. After one glance at her face, Agatha stood up, murmured something about want-

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ing to speak to the cook, and left the other two alone.

"What's the matter, Helen?" Drew asked.

She tried to laugh. "Oh . . . nothing. That is, it's terribly silly, but there must be some mistake. That was Jonathan. He says there is no death certificate filed in Chicago for the baby I lost."

"No death certificate—! But there must be!"

"Yes, of course, there must be, but—but it seems there just isn't," she said helplessly.

"How about the doctor that attended you? Couldn't you ask him?"

"He's dead. He had a heart attack before I left the hospital, as I recall it now."

Drew struck one impatient fist into the palm of his other hand. "Why did all this have to come up just now?" he exclaimed irritably. "No wonder the Dunlap woman is so sure of herself—without that death certificate of your baby. Helen, she knows you haven't any defense."

Low-voiced, she said, "None—except my own knowledge that my baby died. But of course, as you say, that isn't proof."

He hesitated, then seemed to make up his mind to speak. "Helen—I've been thinking, and this news tonight convinces me. I know you don't want to, but I really must insist that you let me pay Mrs. Dunlap off. We're to be married in a few days, and I simply can't afford to be dragged through the courts again with a sensational case like this."

SHE stood very still. "You're being very blunt, Drew."

"Perhaps. But you don't seem to understand how important this thing can be to me, right now." He refused to meet her eyes.

"It's important to me, too." When he did not answer, she went on, falteringly. "Drew—tell me one thing—do *you* believe her?"

"Do I—? Oh, of course not," he said shortly. "But that's not the point. The big thing is that we mustn't let her splash this thing all over the front pages. The public doesn't take very kindly to a mother that deserts her child, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said bitterly. "Drew! To pay her would be admitting that I'm guilty of abandoning my own child—and I *won't* admit such a horrible thing, not even to her; no matter what I have to go through to defend myself!"

She turned to face him, and was amazed to see pity in his face. Gently, he took her hand, and said, "Now, dearest, please. I know you're frightened, upset. But believe me, no matter what you've done in the past, it won't make any difference to me—"

Aghast, she snatched her hand away. "You—you *do* believe that woman's story!" she cried. "I know you do! I can see it in the way you're acting!"

"What I believe doesn't make any difference, I tell you!" he insisted. "I don't even *care* whether this Barbara Sue is your child or not. I only say that the sensible thing is to pay off Mrs. Dunlap and get rid of her!"

Helen grasped the back of a chair to steady herself. "Once," she said thickly, "everyone thought you were guilty of murder. I was the only one who believed in you. Can't you believe in me, now?"

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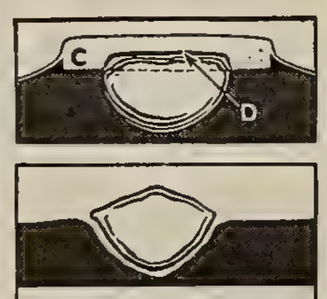

Felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) loosens corn so it can be lifted out.

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He gazed at her for a long moment. Then his shoulders went up, and down, in a baffled shrug.

"We don't seem to be talking the same language, Helen," he said. "What seems important to you, doesn't to me. And the other way around."

"That's true," she murmured. There was a deep silence for a moment. Then Helen looked straight at Drew, and very slowly but with deep conviction, said, "Drew, I don't think we'd better be married when we planned. Or—perhaps—at all. I'm going through with this Dunlap business. I'll fight her in any court she likes, for as long as she chooses. But it wouldn't be fair to drag you into it, feeling the way you do." She fumbled the ring he had given her off the third finger of her left hand and held it out to him, her face averted. "Here, Drew."

"But—Helen—"

HER nerves snapped. "Please—please take it—and go away!" she cried. He didn't take the ring. But when she turned, a few moments later, he was gone.

There is one thing about a sleepless night. It gives you a chance to do a lot of thinking.

Helen rose the next morning feeling inexpressibly weary, but with her mind made up. Drew had failed her. She was alone again, fighting her own battles. Very well. She would fight them. She would not waste time letting the acid of Drew's defection eat into her heart. She would not—she would try not to—blame him; and she would not weep again, as she had wept during the night.

Everyone said Mrs. Dunlap's lawyer, Gilbert Whitney, was a fine and reputable man. Surely, she reasoned, if she could once convince him that his client was a fraud, he would drop the case and advise the woman to drop it too.

Dressing with even more than her usual care, she drove in to Hollywood. A stop at the dress shop, to chat for a few minutes with Chris Wilson. A telephone call to Whitney's office on Vine Street, to secure an appointment for that afternoon. Lunch with Chris, and casual talk about affairs at the shop, while all the time her brain was whirling with hope, apprehension, doubts about the coming interview.

Then, at last, three o'clock and the quiet elegance of Gilbert Whitney's reception room: a deeply piled taupe carpet, chairs of soft leather, a magnificent eighteenth-century table with magazines arranged neatly on top.

Mr. Whitney, the receptionist said, would see her now.

Then she was shaking hands with Whitney, and for a moment she forgot to be afraid.

He was a tall man, and a slender one. There was about him none of Drew's rugged force, but she felt at once the strength of his personality—a quiet strength, controlled and disciplined. His features were delicate and finely chiseled: it was the face of a man who had read and studied much—and, she realized with a shock, suffered much. There was humor in his mouth, but sadness in his eyes. But most forcibly he struck her as a man with an abundant sympathy. In an access of relief, she knew that she could tell her story to this man and be assured of a respectful hearing.

She began to speak.

Will Helen be able to persuade Whitney to drop Mrs. Dunlap's case against her? And what of Drew—will he regret his action in turning against Helen, and can Helen really be serious about postponing her wedding to Drew because of his attitude? Read the climax of this dramatic novel in the July issue of Radio Mirror—and meanwhile, tune in The Romance of Helen Trent at 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., Monday through Friday on CBS.

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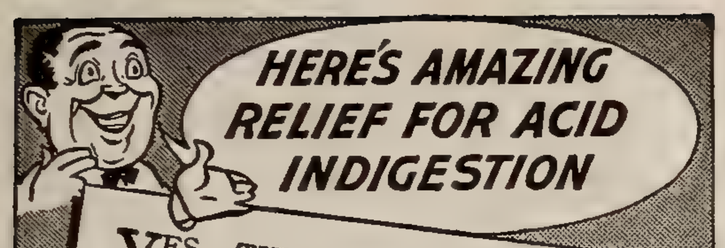

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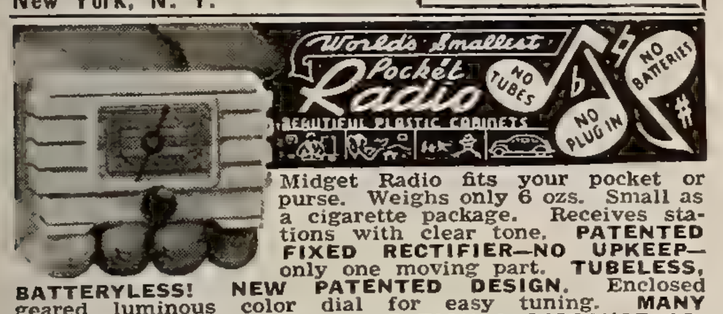

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Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne

(*Continued from page* 18)

You see only the ugly side."

Not every man, Joyce thought, would tell you what a fool you'd be to marry him, and then proceed to be so charming, so lovable, that you couldn't possibly resist him.

Warnings! First from Paul himself, now from Dr. Simon, and last night from Ann Hill, Paul's old friend. And in spite of them all, she was still determined.

Ann loved Paul herself, of course. That was plain from the way her face lit up at the sound of his voice, the way her glance followed him about the room. But just as plainly, she would never try to win him away from Joyce, because her love was the sort that asks only the happiness of the loved one, and—she was ten years older than Paul.

Ann Hill—*the* Ann Hill, the woman whose dispatches from Shanghai had again and again told the stories men reporters had failed to get—was dark-haired, slender, with flashing black eyes and smart clothes and a vitality so tremendous you forgot her forty-plus years. She was exactly what Paul had called her in introducing her to Joyce: "a grand person." She was in America now on a long vacation, the first in years of roaming the globe, and many were the evenings Joyce and Paul had spent with her in the small furnished apartment she had taken.

SHE had seemed happy when Joyce and Paul told her they'd decided to be married soon, instead of waiting. But afterwards, while Paul was out of the apartment buying some cigarettes, she said:

"I'm about to be the meddlesome old party who throws cold water on the fires of young love, Joyce. Are you sure you and Paul will be happy together?"

Joyce caught her breath before she answered, "Quite sure!"

"Because—oh, I know him so well, so much better than you possibly can. I met him first in Berlin, six years ago, and we worked together in Moscow, in Abyssinia, in Shanghai. I know all his wonderful qualities—and all his perfectly terrible ones. For instance, he thinks he's fed-up with newspaper work now. But he's entirely capable of waking up some morning, tearing up every page of his book, and taking the next boat for Europe."

"I know that," Joyce said. "It'll be my job to make him so happy he'll never want to do that."

"Quite a job!" Ann shrugged. "I don't think Paul is constitutionally capable of being happy. Not for long, anyway."

"You love him, don't you, Ann?" Joyce asked quietly.

The older woman gave her a glance of quick apprehension before she answered, "Yes. I've loved him for years. But that's beside the point. I'd never let him know it—it would make him too unhappy, knowing that he didn't love me. And I've grown to love you, too, in the little while I've known you. I'd hate to see you both being hurt."

"He can't hurt me," Joyce said with all the warmth of her conviction in

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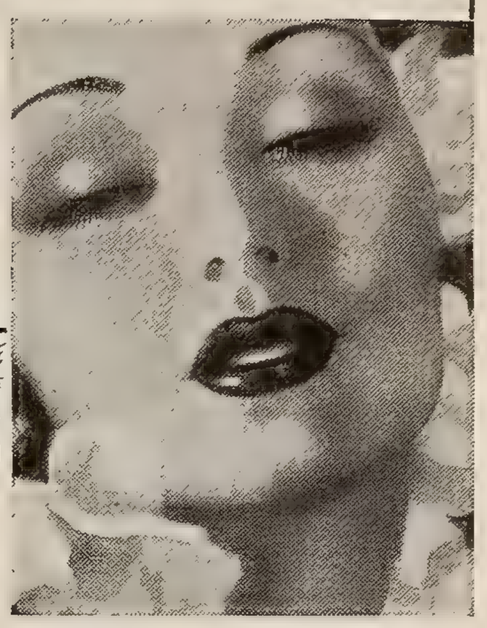

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her voice. "No one you love can ever hurt you."

"That's just where you're terribly wrong," Ann remarked sadly as Paul re-entered the apartment.

So there they were—three warnings. And they didn't mean a thing.

She knew, Joyce said to herself, what she was doing. Though she loved Paul, she understood him very well too. She knew that his soul was sick and tortured and self-critical, and that he did his best to deny his own ideals. Life would never be simple for him, and so it would never be simple for anyone who loved him. She knew so well how he had felt over Kay Reed—first, torn with angry pity at her foolishness; later, after her death, lashing himself with the whip of conscience.

She could help him. She was balanced, sure of herself and of the world, and she could lend some of that balance to him. Fumblingly, she tried to put some of this into words:

"Don't think I'm deserting my ambition to be a great doctor, Dr. Simon. Marrying Paul is all *part* of that. It will make me a better person, because I'll be giving him some of myself—and if I'm a better person, won't I be a better doctor too?"

The old man smiled and leaned forward to take her hand. "I don't usually give advice about marriage, Joyce. It's only that you seem almost like a daughter to me—we've worked together so much, I've felt such an interest in you. I want you to be happy—but perhaps you know the way to happiness better than I. Of course you can have your week off from the hospital for the honeymoon. When do you want to be married?"

"A week from tomorrow," she said.

BUT the week passed, and they did not get married.

Why should this small delay strike her with such unreasoning fear? It was nothing—it did not really matter—they would carry out their plans as soon as Paul was better. It was just that he had not fully recovered from his attack of fever; he'd been working too hard; and now he was ill again, but for only a little while—

Paul, of course, took his relapse very badly. It was only through the combined efforts of Ann and Joyce that he was persuaded to enter the hospital at all—but obviously he couldn't stay in his bachelor apartment, with no one at all to take care of him, and he finally allowed himself to be taken in charge and ordered to bed. For two days he alternately shivered and burned, and at their end he was left so weak he was forced to remain in bed another eight days. After leaving the hospital, Dr. Simon warned him, he would have to be careful and take things easy.

"We'll have to put off the wedding until I'm healthy again," he told Joyce ruefully.

"I'll wait for you," she said, smiling. "Don't think you're going to get out of marrying me just by getting sick."

The very idea was so ridiculous that they both laughed aloud.

If she had not been so busy on the day Paul left the hospital, Joyce might have noticed something wrong about his manner. As it was, she was entirely unprepared for the telephone call that came from him on the following day.

His voice sounded strange and unnatural. "Joyce? Can you come over to Ann's apartment?"

"Why? What's the matter, Paul?"

"I'll tell you when you get here. Come as soon as you can, won't you?"

"All right. I'm off duty in an hour."

Paul opened the door of Ann's apartment to her ring. Ann was there, standing by the window, one hand nervously pleating the thin silk of the curtain.

Joyce stopped, looking uncertainly from Paul to Ann and back again.

"I hurried . . ." she said.

Paul glanced at Ann beseechingly, but she turned her head away as if to deny whatever he wanted her to do. Joyce, now that she saw him more closely, was shocked at the change since yesterday. His eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot.

AT last he spoke, harshly. "Might as well get it over with," he said. "Ann and I have something to tell you—"

Ann dropped the curtain and swung around. "Paul—I—you'll have to excuse me—I'm sorry—but I can't—"

Swiftly she turned and ran past them and into her bedroom. The door slammed behind her.

"Ann!" Joyce cried. "Come back! What's the matter?"

She was at the door, her hand upon the knob, when Paul moved quickly and barred the way. "No," he said. "Ann's right. Don't go in there. It's my job to tell you."

"Tell me what?" she demanded. There was a ringing sound in her ears; her voice came through it thin and far-away.

"I—I can't marry you, Joyce. It's all been a mistake."

"A mistake?" she repeated, hardly knowing what the word meant.

"Yes . . . You must have known that Ann and I used to be in love. I never tried to hide it, because I thought it was all over. But now I—"

He stopped, miserably searching for words.

"And now you find it isn't over?"

■ Stella Unger, Hollywood newsgirl, rehearses with John Garfield his guest appearance on her program.

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Joyce asked, fighting to keep calm, desperately telling herself that she mustn't let him see her heart crumbling up and withering inside her.

"You must despise me," he told her. "I despise myself."

The doorknob twisted under Joyce's lax fingers. She stepped away, and Ann came back into the room, stood on the threshold.

"Paul," she said in bitter reproach, "you shouldn't have done it—not this way—"

"It was the *only* way!" Paul insisted. "It hurts less to do these things at once—without beating around the bush—"

Joyce took a deep breath. "Of course," she said quietly. "It's a very good way. Simple, direct, and to the point." She giggled. "I was almost going to say painless. Ann, I—I want to—to wish you every happiness—"

Ann stepped forward, her arms outstretched, pity twisting her mouth. "Joyce, don't—" she began.

Joyce held up a hand as if to ward her off. "No—please, don't say anything to me. I'd rather you didn't. I hope you'll both be very happy—after all, it's a good thing—isn't it?—that you found out you felt this way before we were actually married. It might have—made things complicated."

Her lips were so stiff they could not form another word, and the air in the room was stifling her. She whirled and ran out, out into the street, she couldn't stop running, because there was so little time—so little time left before she would break down completely.

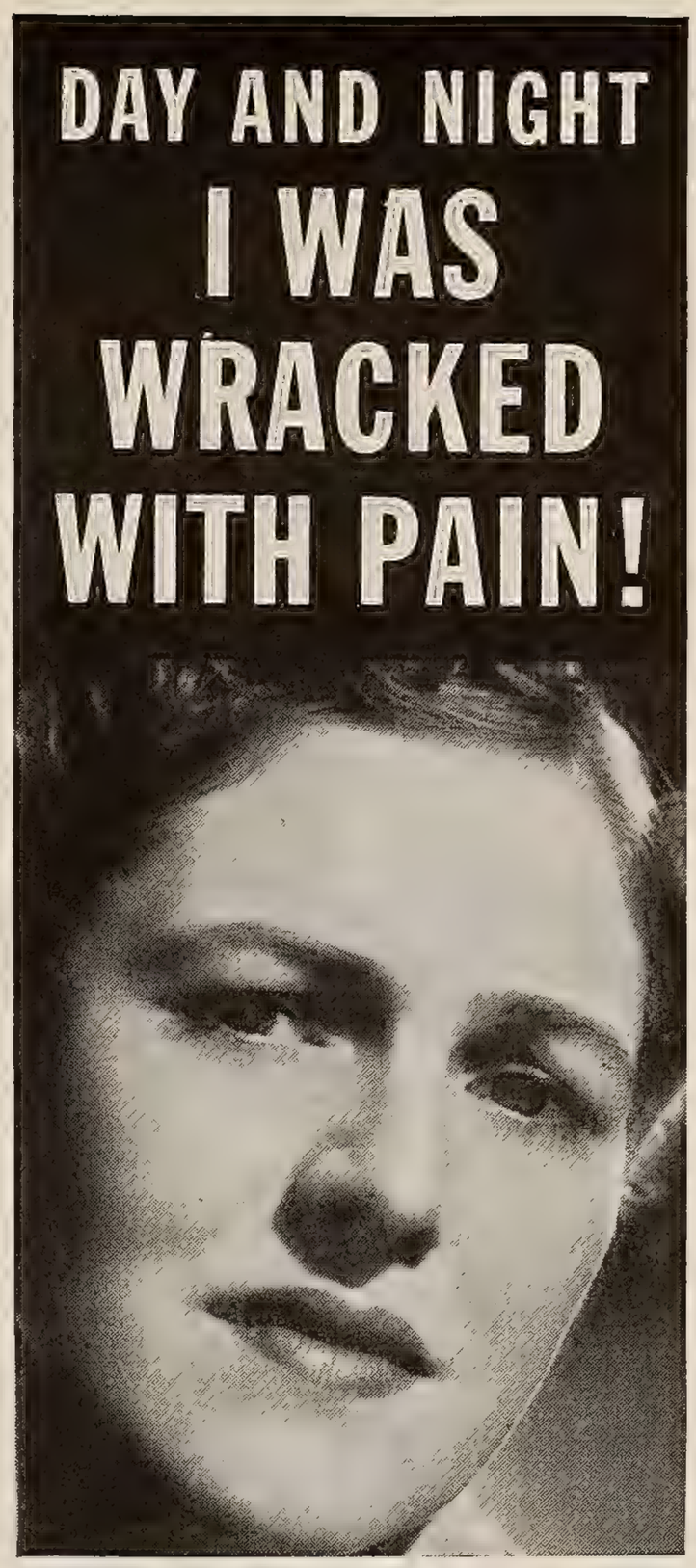
AND yet, the physical exertion must have been good for her, because when she reached her own room in the Hospital Annex she did not cry. She sat for a long time in the straight chair beside her work table, while her thoughts wove a pattern of irony and heartache.

So they'd all been right, and she wrong. All those warnings. She had laughed at them, so sure that her love could give Paul the solidity he needed, so sure that he could not hurt her, no matter what he said, no matter what he did. And she had been right, she reminded herself—he *couldn't* have hurt her, if only he had gone on loving her. He had chosen her one vulnerable spot to strike at, because without his love she was nothing. She was only another Kay Reed.

Her pride quivered as she remembered Kay. Could it be that Paul had lied about her? That once he had told Kay, too, he loved her, only to change his mind?

Perhaps I ought to hate him, she thought, but I don't. I love him just as much as I ever did, only now my love hurts me. I used to carry it with me, warm and strong and comforting, but now it's like acid in my heart. I suppose Kay was still loving him, too, when she went down under that truck.

She stood up. I look like nothing human, she thought, glancing into the mirror, and mechanically she washed her face, applied powder and rouge. She was off duty, but she decided she might go through the wards, just to be doing something. Maybe she ought to see Dr. Simon—no, she couldn't do that, he would be sure



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to know something was wrong, and she couldn't face his pity.

It took her a moment to change into her white skirt and jacket, and then she was walking down the long, polished corridors, smelling the familiar hospital odor.

About to turn into B Ward, she heard her name called. A slight, graceful woman who looked ridiculously like Ann Hill was hurrying toward her. And then she realized that it *was* Ann, and her first impulse was to run into the ward and close the door behind her. She mastered it with an effort, and stood there until Ann had reached her.

"Joyce! Please—I must talk to you!" Ann was breathless; her small body quivered with the intensity of her emotion. "I suppose you hate me—I wouldn't let them tell you I was here, for fear you wouldn't see me."

"I don't hate you, Ann. Why should I? If you can make Paul happy—"

But she couldn't finish that sentence, after all.

"That doesn't matter," Ann said. "Joyce, Paul doesn't love me—he loves you."

"Me? But he said—"

"You mustn't believe him. He made me promise not to tell you—but I'm breaking that promise. I have to. I can't bear to see him hurt you this way."

"You see, he made Dr. Simon promise too," Ann was hurrying on. "It isn't because he loves me that he won't marry you—but because Dr. Simon told him yesterday he'll have to expect a recurrence of that tropical fever every three months for a long time—perhaps for the rest of his life."

"The fever!" Joyce said blankly. "But that would have made no difference to me!"

"Of course not! He knew that—and that's the reason he wouldn't tell you the truth. He knew you'd want to marry him anyway. But—you know how he is, Joyce—he wouldn't let you, knowing he'd be an invalid for two weeks or so every three months. He hates the thought of being ill so much—it fills him with such disgust—he can't believe that you wouldn't feel the same way about it."

"Oh, Paul—Paul!" Joyce whispered. "How could he have been so foolish!" Impulsively, she leaned forward and kissed the other woman on the cheek. "Thank you, dear Ann, for breaking your promise."

Ann smiled, a little bitterly. "I'll have to confess. . . . It made me hope, for a little while. I thought that perhaps, if he left you, he really would marry me. I wouldn't mind, you know—I'd ask nothing more of life than the chance to care for him. I guess I was insane to think I could take your place. I'm sorry."

In gratitude too strong for words, Joyce pressed Ann's hand. Then she asked, "Where is he? In his own apartment?"

"Yes."

"I must go to him—he's sick and lonely and miserable—"

"I'm not sure he'll see you."

"He'll *have* to see me!" Joyce flung her head back in an exultant gesture. "I'll pound at his door until he either opens it or I break it down. And when I get in, I won't leave until he tells me what I want to know—that we're going to get married, as soon as possible. Tomorrow! Tonight! He can't escape me—because now I know he loves me, and that's all that matters!"

"But suppose he absolutely refuses to marry you as long as this fever is in his blood?"

"I'm the doctor!" Joyce laughed. "And I prescribe marriage as the proper treatment for that fever. There's no reason, if we face it together, and if he has the proper care, why he can't go about his work, perfectly well, for most of his life. And eventually, perhaps we can cure it! Anyway—the fever doesn't make a bit of difference to me!"

She kissed Ann again, and began to run down the corridor, just as she was, not taking time to change from her white uniform. She had gone only a few steps, though, when she turned and said, her eyes sparkling with joy:

"I'm going to make Paul happy—in spite of himself!"

And Ann knew, standing in the suddenly quiet corridor, that Joyce was right. Against such determination, against such complete love, all of Paul's doubts and misgivings would mean nothing.

For further romantic adventures of Joyce and Paul tune in Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, over CBS at 2:15, E.D.S.T., rebroadcast at 2:30 P.S.T., Mondays through Fridays.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 41*)

to attract much attention. Discouraged, he returned to his home in Troy, N. Y. The Dorseys came through Troy some years back, spotted the 165-pound, brown-haired youth, and signed him up. He has never sung with another band. His brother Ray sings for Glenn Miller. Bob is not married, likes intelligent brunettes.

Helen O'Connell joined Jimmy's band after a succession of female singers had failed to win the plaudits of dancers and radio listeners. Everybody in the band calls her "Dimples." The 20-year-old blonde left her home in Lima, Ohio, to become a dancer, soon switched over to warbling with Jimmy Richards' and Larry Funk's bands.

Helen likes pretty clothes, but can't afford to be extravagant because she supports her mother, kid sister and brother.

Eddie Perri is a little Italian who serves as Jimmy's valet, secretary, worrier, and caretaker of instruments and railroad tickets when the band is on tour. When the band was not getting its due recognition, Eddie took it to heart. Any time some stranger would try to discredit the band, the faithful Man Friday would raise his fists. This soon scared away the critics. You see Eddie was formerly a professional prize-fighter.

Sometimes, for a gag, Eddie is recruited by Jimmy to sing a chorus of a novelty tune called "Annie's Cousin Fannie." He does it so badly that the results are uproariously funny.

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Because the band has done a lot of traveling lately, Jimmy and Jane live in hotels and send their seven-year-old daughter, Julie Lou to an exclusive Connecticut private school. Jane and Jimmy have been married ten years, and they're separated only when the band has a particularly grueling itinerary. Then Jane stays in New York and occupies her time seeing "all the movies."

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Isle of May; I Happen to Be In Love (Vocalion 5361), Dick Jurgens. A neat recording of a bandproof tune which Andre Kostelanetz based on Tschaikowsky's D Major String Quartet. Sammy Kaye, Woody Herman, Kay Kyser, Blue Barron and practically everybody else does well with it.

Ah!; You'd Be Surprised (Varsity 8183) Johnny Messner. A pair of warmed over favorites that can do no harm to your eardrums.

Woodpecker's Song; Let's All Sing Together (Bluebird 10598), Glenn Miller. Lively coupling introducing the Italian novelty. Marion Hutton is heard on both sides.

So Long; What's the Matter With me? (Decca 2972), Russ Morgan. Sweet as sugar and just as easy to take. A band that should be heard from more.

Some Like It Swing:

Shivers; Seven Comes Eleven (Columbia 35349), Benny Goodman Sextet. Put another medal on Benny's well decorated chest. Artie Bernstein's bass and Charlie Christian's guitar cannot be overlooked.

Tappin' At Tappa; Comanche War Dance (Bluebird 10584), Charlie Barnet. Solid sax and guitar work can't overshadow the savage rhythm attack other Barnet men give this Indian impression.

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Study in Surrealism; Sunday (Victor 26481), Larry Clinton. Interesting approach to two undistinguished numbers, one new, one old. I wish Clinton would give us a tune we like to whistle.

Stardust; Cuban Boogie Woogie (Vocalion 5304), Jack Jenney. You never heard Stardust played this way before. Jenney's trombone stands out like a jitterbug's autograph book.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
RADIO MIRROR Magazine
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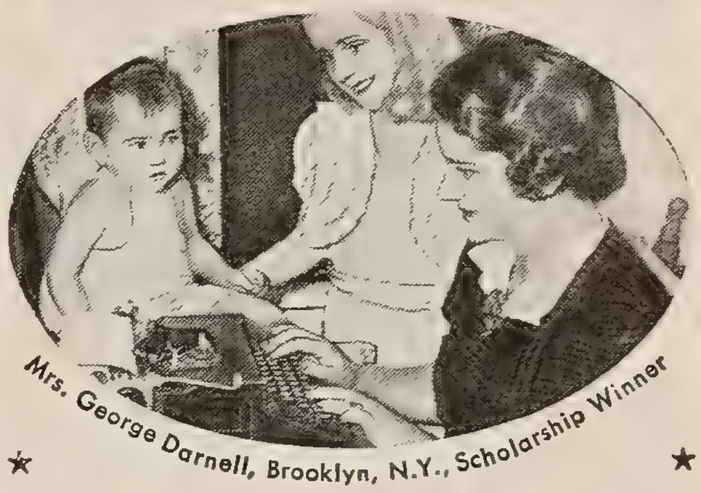

Mrs. George Darnell, Brooklyn, N.Y., Scholarship Winner

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Prepare
FOR SUMMER LOVELINESS

■ Selena Royle, starring in Woman of Courage, has the shining hair and a clear skin that come from proper care.

NOW is the time to prepare for parching days. Take time out to use beauty aids. Masks, for instance. They are soothing and astringent. Also, while you are giving yourself a mask treatment, you can do nothing else but relax. It is amazing what ten or fifteen minutes of complete relaxation will do, while a mask is lifting your face.

Selena Royle, starring in Woman of Courage (CBS 9 A.M. five days a week) is a firm believer in mask treatments. To look at her, you would think her beauty is entirely the gift of Providence. She looks exactly the way you like to think of the Woman of Courage—all strength and simplicity in the best sense of the word. Many women of that type have time for everybody but themselves. Not so our wise Selena. That clear unlined skin gets the best of care, with relaxation under a good beauty mask as often as need be. The lovely shining hair, so simply knotted at the back of her head, is brushed a hundred strokes a night. And, believe it or not, the graceful natural ripple is the result of a skilful permanent plus the nightly brushing.

Selena Royle is as well known on Broadway as she is on the air. In fact, her career began with her choice of parents; her father, Edwin Milton Royle, was a famous actor and playwright. She has been on Broadway in important productions ever since 1921. But perhaps the most important thing she ever did to prove herself truly a woman of courage was to start the Actors' Dinner Club, in 1930. It was a unique restaurant where actors worked in the kitchen, waited at table, and furnished a high

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

quality of entertainment. Miss Royle estimates that she fed over 200,000 meals to needy actors without cost during the three years she operated the Dinner Club.

How to choose your face mask? Try several. Nowadays there are many excellent ones available—not in the least like the messy and pore-clogging affairs of other days. Most of them have very simple ingredients. One of the best, for instance, is made from starch, specially prepared for beauty treatment—the same you use in your bath. Add a little cold cream, moisten with milk, and you have a mask to the queen's taste, one that is very soothing to summer-roughened skins.

None of the well-known face masks nowadays contain any substances that could possibly irritate. As they dry, they tighten up, giving a rather pleasant sensation that suggests the lifting of sagged muscles and the closing of pores. When you wash off the mask you are delighted with the refreshed look on your face.

MOST hair is the better for a tint or a rinse, especially in summer. The long days outdoors are likely to fade the hair. And never were hats so revealing! Some of the smartest are little more than a hair ornament —and of course give the hair no protection at all. If you are to wear becomingly a gay trifle like a nosegay of flowers somewhere over one eyebrow, your hair must be shining and colorful.

There are tints and rinses for every type, blonde or brunette. Choose the appropriate one, and use it after each shampoo. Some of the rinses do nothing more than restore the natural lustre with little effect on the color. These are sufficient for some women. But those with faded or sun-bleached hair, or with the colorlessness that precedes and accompanies graying should select a decided tint that may bring back the original color.

Everyone should have a rinse or tint after each shampoo. With so many good purposes served by them, why deprive your hair of every help it needs? There are three rules for beautiful hair. First, frequent shampoos, with the shampoo and following tint or rinse carefully chosen to meet your individual needs. Second, vigorous daily brushing with brushes that are kept scrupulously clean (use a little of your shampoo to clean the brush). Third, becoming waving and arrangement. If you attend to all these, you will be ready for a practically bareheaded summer, confident that your hair will remain shining and colorful in spite of the bleaching summer sun.

How to Marry on $150

(*Continued from page* 14)

negligee, nightgown and mules would cost, in all, $92.50 (the playsuit and wedges and the terrace frock and sandals, costing $24.80, would bring this up to $117.30.) This, you might think doesn't leave much of a margin for the rest of the wedding cost, but here we meet with a surprise, thanks to the clever and charming ideas of Irene Rich.

"It is friendliness, happiness, good will that really count," she says, speaking directly to every girl who contemplates a wedding. "The amount of money spent is a secondary matter." And then she sets about to prove her point with suggestions for a wedding which, even combined with a honeymoon trousseau, keeps the budget for the whole thing down to less than $120—believe it or not!

"Let's plan for a wedding with between thirty and forty guests—a church wedding if the bride has grown up in a church and most of her friends are a part of it, but a home wedding otherwise. (I can't believe any wedding reaches its real height of happiness and charm if held in a strange church that no one of the group ever saw before or possibly will see again.) For our purposes, let's say a home wedding.

"Now, wedding invitations usually are the least expensively ordered in lots of fifty, so even though we plan to have only thirty guests present, let's order fifty invitations and fifty enclosure cards—or reception invitations—which will give us a few extra to send to friends out of town whom we know will not be able to attend, but whom we wish to remember. In this way, we eliminate the necessity for announcements."

WITH this advice in mind, Helen shopped for invitations and found that fifty invitations, "thermographed" or processed to resemble engraving, could be had for $6.45, and an equal number of enclosure cards, inviting people to a reception following the wedding were available for $3.75, making a total of $10.20. In discovering this new means of processing in lieu of engraving (which is two or three times as expensive) Helen learned that many an "elite" wedding invitation is so processed.

The invitations out of the way, Irene turned her attention to the wedding proper and advised Helen as to time, menu and decorations.

"I think that unless there is a train or boat schedule to be considered, four-thirty in the afternoon is the nicest hour of all," she said. "For one thing, more men can get away from work to attend, and yet you avoid the greater formality of an evening wedding. On the other hand, you can serve a creamed dish of some kind which will take the place of an evening meal for your guests. I should, by all means, see that something like creamed lobster or creamed chicken is on the menu, since an entirely sweet menu is hard for most people to take at any time, especially men."

This is the menu, serving approximately thirty-six persons, which Irene finally worked out for Helen:

Creamed chicken with mushrooms in piecrust timbales
Lettuce and watercress sandwiches
Ice Cream Punch Cake

The cost of the chicken, Irene estimated as follows: chickens, $3.60, canned mushrooms $1.60 (less if fresh mushrooms are available); pimiento, .30; eggs, hard-boiled, .10; timbales, .36; incidentals .04—total, $6.00.

Cost of sandwiches: bread, .30; butter, .39; cress, 10; lettuce, .10—total, 89.

Ice cream, six quart bricks, $2.40 (can be homemade for much less).

Cake, (usually a plain silver cake) with decorations, $2.00.

Incidentals: Cake favors (for guests to take home and sleep on), .85; tissue paper to wrap each piece in, .10; ribbon to tie each with, .36; confetti (flower petals which younger brothers and sisters of the bride, or children of friends could cut out from bright colored crepe paper), .10; rice to throw at the newly-weds, .15.

Irene suggested that perhaps a dear friend of the bride's might volunteer to make the bridal cake.

"The cake favors," she added, "can be the same kind of cake as the bridal cake, or perhaps fruit cake. Sometimes you buy little satin boxes to put each piece in, but the pieces can be wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with silver ribbon if a budget must be considered. These favors are then piled on a tray and placed where each guest may find them.

As far as the beverage for the wedding reception is concerned, Irene estimated the cost of enough punch for thirty-six persons at $1.50.

"Tea is a wonderful base for good punch, and of course very inexpensive," she suggested. "Of course," she added with a twinkle in her eye, "personally *I* favor as a base, Welch's grape juice, which is also quite inexpensive!"

The total cost of menu, favors, etc., is $24.55, which added to the $92.50, cost of trousseau, would make the bride's expenses run to exactly $117.05 . . . Not bad, Irene and Helen agreed, especially when you consider that there are various ways in which it could be scaled down still further.

WHAT is a June wedding for, if not to avail yourself of the wild flowers which abound everywhere at this time, also those in your own and your friends' flower gardens?" she demanded.

"You can have a picnic in the woods shortly before the festivities, and gather plenty of greenery—ferns and things.

"As for music, well, surely, some friend will be glad to play the wedding march, and another to sing "O Promise Me," or any of those beautiful, romantic songs which should be a part of every wedding."

But so much for the bride's part in wedding preparations. After all, there *is* a groom in every wedding, and although he does seem to be rather relegated to the background, he's important, just the same. . . . "If you get what I mean," tall, good-looking Ben Gage remarks with a grin.

This is his cue to appear in the wedding picture, first to confer with Irene on what kind of a bouquet he should select for the bride, second to buy the ring and third to plan the honeymoon—all of which are any groom's personal responsibility.

Remembering that even as the

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bride, the groom may be bound by a rather small wedding budget, a bouquet of white sweet peas with gardenias in the center, was chosen after consulting Kenneth McEldowney, at his new "drive-in" flower shop, 9453 Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills. Mr. McEldowney points out that the center of the bouquet is detachable so that before the bride throws it to her girl friends she can take out a corsage to wear with her going-away outfit. The whole thing would cost approximately $5.00 at McEldowney's, but it *could* be made for practically nothing by some clever friend.

Next, the ring. For advice on this, Ben goes to Durward Howes, of B. D. Howes and Son, famous jewelers, located opposite Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles.

Mr. Howes points out to Ben that a white gold, engraved wedding ring can be purchased for as low as $10, and an engraved platinum band for $20. But Ben decides on one with diamonds and engraving decorating it half-way 'round, for $30. It's one of the newer wrinkles in wedding rings.

Your honeymoon isn't included in the $150 budget, because the cost of a wedding trip can vary from almost nothing to a great deal. But thanks to Mary Livingstone,who advised Ben on the subject, here are some extremely sound words of wisdom.

"A motor trip," says Mary, "is likely to be both the least expensive and most enjoyable sort of honeymoon you can take. It gives you the most freedom and the most variety, and with a car it's easier to govern how much you will spend. For ten dollars a day, a couple should be able to go on a really wonderful honeymoon, in a car. And if neither the bride nor the groom owns one, a honeymoon is *one* occasion for which a friend will be glad to loan his.

"With a car, you can drive as quickly as possible to a chosen destination, stopping at inexpensive auto courts along the way and saving the bulk of your money to splurge at some resort hotel, or you can sort of meander along, stopping where fancy wills, and spending a certain amount of money each day. For seventy or seventy-five dollars at the most—and a car—you can have a week-long honeymoon that won't be elaborate but *will* be fun."

Just to be fair to both sides of this wedding question, we're letting Gracie Allen Burns have her say about the advisability of eloping, instead of having a formal wedding.

"It *is* the simplest way," says Gracie, "and it certainly is cheaper. But on the other hand, maybe in the long run it *isn't* cheaper. Because of the presents, you know. If you have a wedding, you get presents. But if you don't have a wedding, you *don't* get any presents, and you might have to buy lots of things, and they might cost more than $150."

As usual, Gracie states things in an admirably realistic way.

Now, just to put the whole thing in a couple of nutshells, let's run over the plans for your wedding. Bridal outfit, $26.40; traveling ensemble, $53.20; negligee and nightie, $12.90; announcements, $10.20; bouquet, $5; ring, $30; food for reception, $14.35. Total, $152.05. Extra clothes, if your budget runs to them, $21.85. Honeymoon, $70.

And may you be happy all your married life!

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